DEFINITION



SEM IN THE NEW WEST

STICKS & STONES

DRUMMER DADDIES

CHRISTMAS IN THE DUNGEON RUN NO MORE

INITIATION

More pages, more fiction, more original artwork than any other Gay publication

ISSUE 42 DECEMBER 1980





opening early december 9 Lansdowne street, Boston

DRUMATAR

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, porhaps it is because be hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thorass.

蠿

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 5

6 GETTING OFF/MALE CALL

8 TEXAS LEATHER

The setting: Houston, the fastgowing leather capitol of the South. The place: A Different Drum, definitely a different kind of watering hole. The occasional Drummer comes to Texas in the first of a guaranteed long line of repeat wists. The outcome: Southern macho meets hard corp attitude. Get ready for firmworks!

15 REMATCH!

The Great Wrestling Match continues, only the stakes get a bit higher, and the sweat really starts to pour in Hank Trout's account of what happened to the out-of-town challenger when he discovered he had been beaten by the home town champion.

20 DRUMMER DADDIES

Just what you might ask
Santa to bring you . . . if you
dare. A portfolio of very hot
men very capable of making
sure you are a very good boy
all year long!

27 STICKS AND STONES

Jason Klein's most devastating vision in an excerpt from his novel-in-progress. Definitely one of the important new voices in S&M literature, and probably the best way to spend the holidays.

35 PIERCING

The Master Piercer himself, Jim Ward, examines the in's and out's of personal body jewlery; what it is, what it isa't, and how to get it.

MEAT: STRAIGHT TO HELL

Drummer is pleased to bring you an excerpt from the book based on the underground magazine of the same name. Real people, latrine style.

4 DRUMSTICKS

45 CHRISTMAS IN

THE DUNGEON
Drummer's 24-page guide to
the perfect toys for unruly
boys, and gifts to humbly
give your Moster.

69 RUN NO MORE

Chapter Two of Larry Townsend's classical novel of S&M and intrigue, in which the tables are turned . . .

7 DRUMBEATS

85 DRUM Bill Ward

Bill Ward closes out 1980 with a close encounter of a very different kind for his cartoon hero.

BOOKS

93 FILM

A Mexican gay film? Maybe si, maybe no.

97 TOUGH CUSTOMERS

99 TOUGH SHIT 101 LEATHER NOTEBOOK

103 CON RAP

105 DRUMMER CLUB NEWS So much is going on that the

Club now needs its own organ, newsletter that is . . .

110 IN PASSING Maybe the ultimate Christmas gift.

COVER: Rene, who stands out in any crowd. Photo by Jim Moss.

10) 3300110110313

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

Comprised 1982 by Advances Audition, All depth respects, to past of this respects at the second of the control of the control

PUBLISHER
EDITOR
ASSISTANT EDITOR
ASSISTANT EDITOR
ART DIRECTOR
PRODUCTION
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
CIRCULATION
SPECIAL PROJECTS EDITOR

JOHN W. ROWBER
HANK TRO
JOHN PREST
KEN WO
GARY BO
MARJ ANDERS
KARL STEWA
PETER MAK

CONTRIBUTORS: JACK PRESCOTT, AARDN TRAVIE, JASON KLEIN, ROBERT PAYNE, LARRY OWNERD, HARK TROUT, TERRANCE SAGAN, RON ENDERSON, BON PHOTOGRAPHERS: TERRY SF, JIM MOSS, WOLFGANG, RINK, ROBERT PRUZAN, ZEUS, ROY DEAN, YANK, KENSINGTÓR RODO, TARGET

ARTISTS: CAVELO, CHARLES R. MUSGRAVE, CHUCK ARNETT, MATT, HARRY BUSH, BILL WARD, DOMINO, ETIENNE, THE HUN, KEN WOOD, MACBETH, ADAM, ZACK, BRICK, OLAF, CENNIS KENNEDV, WEST, KEN ROBERTS

OFFUNKER, DRUMSTICKS, DRUMBEATS, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, TOUGH SHIT, LEATHER-MAN'S MOTEBOOK, MAN TO MAIN, ASTROLOGIC, IN PASSING, and DRIM an opporting and DRUMBER MAGAZINE, Copyright 1980 by ALTERNATE PRILITARY.

CETTING OFF

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

No, this isn't going to be about the ex-pected horrors from the new administration and the new right-wing moral sweep of the Senate and Congress. That bullshit and those bullshitters will be filling your newspapers, televisions and radios with their self-righteous propoganda for at least the next four years.

talk about what we have been doing in the past year and to preview what we are

Dealing with the rising cost of paper and printing hasn't been a treat. Still we have managed to keep the price down and don't expect the cover price to rise during the next year. The post office is currently doing everything in its power to either raise postal rates for publications or if failing that - make the process of sending publications through the mail quickly and reasonably an impossible task. And we are doing everything in our power to circumvent yet another breakdown in delivery.

In the past year we have published three city guides: one each for San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Chicago. We were struck by the possibility of providing accurate information through DRUM-MER about the activities in those three popular cities to our readers, usually resigned to annual guides that are by circumstance out of date the day they are published. We are planning one more, early in 1981, for New York. It has been suggested that we go back and update those four guides and make them available separately. That, along with arranging for binders for collections of ranging for binders for collections of DRUMMER represents only two projects we expect to have concluded by mid-

DRUMMER subscribers will shortly be receiving a questionnaire concerning some other potential changes for the magazine. If you are a subscriber, please be sure and return the questionnaire. If you are not a subscriber, and still want to have a voice in the directions DRUM-MER takes in 1981, then now is definitely the time to subscribe.

Finally, we have reached a temporary impass with our line of trade paperback novels. Two separate printers have re-fused to print MR. BENSON, the first in our projected book series, because of the content. While we will be taking very definite action about that situation, are making arrangements to have MR. BENSON come out in a different format. But rest assured, you'll be hearing more about this latest variation on that old ruse, censorship.

Our 1980 annual, DRUMMER MAR-CHES ON! also fell victim to printing sized edition of DRUMMER MARCHES ON! is our biggest undertaking to date, and one that we think will turn you on

This year has seen incredible growth for DRUMMER and its many varied projects, and many more are planned for the

MALECALL

DE FACTO

Re: "Homosexual means simply man sex.", DRUMMER No. 40, Getting Off, It don't not, either

The Dictionary Dyke San Francisco, CA

(Editor's Note: It depends on your source the Latin or the Greek. And it can if you want it to, regardless.)

MORE MORE MORE

I like your magazine. It's hot. Really hot, hot pics, hot stories, hot personals. Why not make it hotter? a few sugges-

Tits. Show more tits. With nipples. Big, red, swollen nipples, being pulled, pinched, twisted, tugged, clamped, sucked, bitten, pierced. As I write this, I look down at my nipples, red and swollen, ready to be pulled, pinched, twisted, tugged, clamped, sucked, bitten, pierced.

Show more piss. Streams of golden, hot piss. Men pissing outdoors, into toilets, on themselves, on other men, into other men's mouths, into their own mouths. Men drinking piss, endless streams of wonderful piss. Your piss stories are already good. Why not more

Shaving. Show more shaving. Shaved cocks, shaved balls, shaved asses, shaved tits. Photos of the shaving: before, dur-

ing after.
The ultimate photo fantasy: hunky shaved studs with huge pierced tits pissing on each other and drinking piss, lots of it. Do you dare?

Mike New York, NY

REAL PIERCING

DRUMMER has shown me (Issue 39, page 4) what the visually stunning male is all about and (Gauntlet, page 60) the most visually stunning scene-photos I've ever seen! Those Gauntlet photos are the most power-filled. What can I do in an effort towards having you publish more of the same (the most real photos I've ever seen)?

Readers of DRUMMER, take note: If you want to see more such photos take the time and make the effort to send a letter to DRUMMER. Make your desires known!

Chicago, IL

(Editor's Note: You'll find not only more piercing photos from Gauntlet in this issue (page 35) but an article by the Master Piercer himself, Jim Ward. And we agree, hearing from readers what they like and/or don't like is the best way to determine what we cover in future is sues.)

TORTURE COLOR

I have been a DRUMMER subscriber since the first issue and want to con-gratulate you on the fine job you have been doing, DRUMMER is getting better The letter from John in BALTIMORE,

which appeared under the heading SORE BALLS in the Malecall section on page 7 of issue no. 39, was hot. have been interested in the Cock-

and-Ball Torture (or GeniTorture) scene for many years. Like John I used to be lieve that it was far out and shared by few. Over the past 5 years I have realized that there are many others, straight, bl or gay

have met most GT addicts by accident or through personal referral. Occasionally, contacts resulted from specif-

Perhaps it would help if men specifically or even exclusively interested in GT Any suggestions? Black, grey, or purple are simply not direct enough.

Boston, MA

ENOUGH TEASING

Enough teasing with the shaving letters and articles. Let's see someone get it all the way with a photo series showing the barbee getting a complete body shave and head shave through the stages of no side-burns, white-walls, Mohawk, scalp lock to skin. Your previous shaving photo article left the job uncompleted And never any articles on filth! (Well you did have an oil wrestling episode of Drum.) Kinky it is, but what a pleasurable sensation to the body. Wrestiing in mud, oil, axle grease, etc. is the greatest. A recent movie showed a popular actor in a car garage hiding from his captor in a barrel of oil and then emerging completely covered (head to foot) with nice, dripping, slippery, shiny black oil! What a photo session that would make! Need any volunteers?

Hoorah for fantasy trips in photos! C.M.

Los Angeles LIKED HIM, HATED HIM

First, let me say that Drummer is my favorite magazine, or I wouldn't be writing this letter,

What the hell happened to your "Tough Customers" section in Issue No 40? It's my favorite section; I've met and corresponded with lots of super studs through it. Please don't discontinue it as it gives your readers a chance to participate in your magazine. I'm afraid the artsy-craftsy photos in Issue No. 40 aren't the same as the sweaty polaroids published in "Tough Custo-

And how can you dismiss Wallace Hamilton as a mere chicken queen having a silly fantasy in your review of Kevin in "Drummer's Books"? I'll have to admit that Kevin isn't the best book ever written, but it does have some redeeming points, like the believable portrayal of a fifteen year old boy's coming to terms with his homosexuality and his final acceptance of it in spite of everything and everyone around him. This author graduated from Harvard with honors in medieval history, and if you want to read a really intelligent book review, catch his review of three new books dealing with medieval concepts of homosexuality in the September 1980 issue of Christopher Street. How about giving our gay brothers a little encouragement in their writings instead of dismissing them without consideration?

But the final outrage in Issue No. 40 was Larry Townsend's advice to Phil, a young man who enjoys wearing leather but who isn't into S&M vet, to get his ass out of "our bars" until he's ready to use them appropriately. That's "singles" bars," not what we're supposed to say to one another about our bars. Maybe Phil just needs a little encouragement to get into the leather scene, but he'll never get

it from Larry Townsend. The W/S picture on page 61 of Issue No. 40 was the second best you've ever printed. How about more of the same, or a whole issue dedicated to W/S?

A Loval Reader Denver, CO

MIXED APPLAUSE

I read your magazine from time to time, although unfortunately not on a steady basis. It sometimes gets hard to find in non-urbanized areas, but that's

I'm not gonna tell you it's the greatest magazine in the world - it has its good points, but does border on being tedious at times. However, it is certainly a leader when compared to other magazines of

its genre. I enjoyed your issue highlighting the bars, etc., of Los Angeles. Have you done

one, or is one in the making, on New And the Hunter story by Felice Picano was well written, very effective. Keep up the good work.

Schnider Starrs, CT

(Editor's Note: Watch for Drummer's look at the big apple in early 1981. From all indications, it promises to be the biagest, raunchiest auide ever undertaken.

HOM? NOT HET!

In response to your editorial in DRUMMER, Issue 40, let me agree that gay is a poor term. It smacks of frivolity and a lack of care and responsibility, which is hardly the case. Queer seems to suggest something opposed to normal. Actually a gay (to use the term until a better one comes up) who 'lusted after a femme' would be queer. To a guy who prefers the company of men, he who wants only men is not queer. To any such is, is to put him outside a large mainstream. Faggot has no meaning at all. It brings in the derogatory, so would

pouf. Homosexuality is a clinical term for a condition thought to need a special name. Homo is just as bad. May I suggest hom? That brings it within most western languages. And think of the broadness of

Hearth and hom. Hom is where the heart is.

Will you be hom? (This to include

those who think they are not if they only use others to get off, or are secluded with other homs.) A man's castle is his hom. Ladies hom Journal. (Surely that is

better than referring to all women homs as dykes, which they aren't l

House and hom,

The applications could go on. But better to be hom than as Bryant and Briggs all het up. Straight, by the way, suggests that others are not straight, and many homs are straight.

Michigan

(Editor's Note: Good idea, but no claar, Hom sounds silly, and since it is derived from homosexual, it's just another way of using the same word. What we're looking for here is a new word.

The historian John Boswell, writing in his myth-shattering new book, Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality; Gay People in Western Europe from the Beginning of the Christian Era to the Fourteenth Century - may have unearthed evidence that what we are calling 'gay' octually came from a French 'gai,' that was used as an adjective and a noun. Homosexual is incorrectly used as a noun. Boswell's conclusion is that the contemporary word gay is a his-torical derivitive of 'gai.' We'll see what effect this has on Webster, et al.)

HAIR TODAY, HAIR TOMORROW

I'd like to respond to a few remarks made by "Master-Shaver Ross" in his letter in issue 40 of DRUMMER about shaving and "who needs body hair,

Yeah, I know that lots of leather guys are into shaving and the "smooth look, and I must confess that a strongly shaped bald head can be hotter 'n hell - but

enough is enough!

Whatever happened to the days when a man was proud of the fur on his body because it said "ALL MAN" to the world? As for me, the thicker, the darker, the coarser, and the denser the hair on a man's chest, arms, legs, back, and crotch, the more exciting and, yes, the more MANLY he seems. And, frankly, I almost pity the smooth-chested dudes out there who will never know the hot fuckin' friction of two strong, hard, hairy chests

San Francisco, CA



DELUXE ACCOMMODATIONS FOR DISCRIMINATING MEN RESTAURANT + BEER & WINE BAR POOLSIDE & ROOM SERVICE JR OLYMPIC POOL + HUGE SPA FRIDGE + COLOR TV





At the GOUGH HAVES HOTEL visiting San Francisco to the liveliest art of ell . .

CASTRO, POLK & FOLSOM

. SAUNA . SUNDECK . BESTAUBANT . · LOUNGES · WORKOUT ROOM · · EXTRA-LONG FIRM BEDS · * PHONES AND T.V. *

417 DOUGH SAN FRANCISCO 94102 (415) 431-9131

S/M IN THE NEW WEST



HOUSTON

BY JOHN PRESTON

One by one they walk up to the newcomer and smile, "How d'ya like Houston?" It's a refrain that's repeated endlessly to anyone who's known to be visiting the sprawling, oil-rich mecca of the Southwest.

Southwest.

That interpretation can be misbealing that Household in That interpretation to the control of the c

pronounced, hard and heavy: "Get hot or get out!"

The Southern component of Houser's gay life showed stell proud when word came out that Drummer was came out that Drummer was came out that Drummer was came out that Drummer and the single hostest Drummer arry ever to take place between the two coasts. They had all the sleeze, all the sex, all the men that any one could hope to come up with. But they added a touch of Southern showmanhip in the event, media display, not just a suck and fuck party.

I had been to Houston before and expected much of the enthusiasm that the Texans were going to throw into the weekend. No one, no one, loves attention more than a Texas man. Tell them a

writer and a photographer are coming to town and they go wild. Enthusiasm 1 ex-

occted, but were they going to be that bot? It had been years since my last visit. I remembered good cruising bars, I remembered tots of vanilla ox. — lots of it. But what about the new sex? That post-Stonewall brand of sex that's being celebrated in New York, San Francisco and Chicago? Were they there?

There were no doubts about my host. Big Mac is a legend. The sweetest-taking Southern man to walk down the pike in a long, long time. He could talk the skin off a peach if he had to. He and I had, uh, "shared a few experiences" so to speak. I had seen what could happen when the sweet-talking man ripped that belt out of its loops and started singing songs of the wild, wild west. If I had a fear it was that





he and I couldn't find the necessary instruments to allow our belts to sing their intricate duets with one another as they played their music,

Housen's con- of the fatter growing clies in the country. No one, almost no clies in the country. No one clies in the country of the country. Once they arrive, though they're trapped in bousterien, Houston's Housen's country. Once they arrive, though they're trapped to bousterien, Houston's you have been considered to the country. Once they arrive, though you have been considered to the country of the countr



syndrome. There he was greeting me at the futuristic Houston airport, complete with cowboy boots and a western shirt.

Big Mac a cowboy?

Well, there have been stranger sights, As we drove into town I started some of my reservations with him, could Houston come up with a party that would do come up with a party that would do clothes weren't the only thing that Big Mac had taken on. All of a sudden he answered with a cowboy draw!, "Well," yall'll just have to wait and see, now, won't you?" Whenever he smiles that the party was scheduled for Satur-

party was scheduled for sustrictions of the bard of the buddles and his buddles to show me around. The first stop was the Brazos River Bottom probably the premiere cowboy bar in the country. And, that does not mean they test war cowboy hats. When voul're in they're ever going to get. You can smell it when you walk in the does of the place, the clothes are authentic, and so are a subtention of the place, the clothes are authentic, and so are a subtention of the place of

There's obviously plenty of action at the BRB, as the locals call it, but the hosts weren't about to let me linger too long at the first stop. A shot of Tequila and a few minutes' driving and we were in the Saddle Club, Houston's other main cowboy bar.



DRUMMER 10

Now, you may never know how much I hate disco. I understand that there are some leather men out there who like to go shake their asses off in places like New York's Flamingo or DC's Eagle-In-Exile, And in those kind of sleezy, manly, raunchy places it might be OK. But basically disco in particular and dancing in general is a symbol of everything I hate in gay life. That is, until I got to the Saddle Club. Houstonians have this thing called the "Texas Two-Step." If you haven't seen it, I can't describe it It appears to be a throw back to follow dancing that might have taken place in Colonial times. It is the damnest thing I ever saw. But those boys just loved it They'd get out on the big dance floor of the Saddle Club and hoot and holler and have a good time! I felt like I was thrown back to the real wild west days, I could just picture the same men doing the same dances around a campfire, drinking their moonshine and getting off on the manly companionship of the range...

Before I got too far into that fantasy, the boys were pulling at my sleen and triving to take me on to the next spot, when you were pulling at my sleen and the pulling at my sleen and the pulling at my sleen and the pulling and the pullin









worst fear is that the whole crew is a bunch of hair dressers chatting about today's gossip. Your best hope? Well, Mac and his side-kicks and I spent a good hour talking about the fine points of semantics. Seems the fellas in Houston have decided that "Sir" is no longer an appropriate germ for a bottom to use when addressing a top. Too many little naugahyde fairles have caught onto it and watered down its meaning. Then what better word than "Lord?" Good ole "Lord Mac!" I knew he'd have an answer to that one!

"Lord Mac" decided that it was time for us all to go on to the last stop. The Different Drum, right down the way on Westheimer, It's the newest leather bar in town, and the one that would be hold-ing the Drummer party.

Now, we New Yorkers are always being ridiculed for our "attitude" but you have to admit that when your choice of a watering hole is between the Mine Shaft and the Spike a guy's got a right to have some attitude. And, who expected to find the Different Drum in Houston, Texas?

It's dark, real dark at first. The music's heavy. The men are leather and the keys aren't for play. There's not a handker-chief or a pierced tit or a pair of dangling handcuffs in the place that the owner's not willing to prove is for real. You know that when you walk insdie. You just know that you haven't walked into a tourist attraction, you've walked into a pit where the men are playing for keeps.

We wandered around, conversation was much more subdued now. The sexual tension's sweat producing. Lord Mac turned to me, "I think you'all'll enjoy the little party we have planned for you tomorrow night."

Yeah, "Lord," I just bet I will.

The place was packed, absolutely packed to the top of the celling. You couldn't move through the solid wall of black leather. The lights were low, even lower than last night. If Houston has mottos like the ones I mentioned earlier, it also has a civic anthem, the entire score of The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas. At first it seems to be incongruous that this Drummer party's going to begin with musical entertainment, But it seems that the boys just can't get going without a playing of the anthem. It's the Southern part of them coming out, So, relax and enjoy. And they were good, three platforms, each with a singer (no lip-sync, thank God!). They belt it out, the songs

work, they put everyone in the mood.
And it's over. The lights go down to blackness. There's movement, but what's going on? No one knows. Suddenly a deep, animal, primitive beat comes over

the system. Boom, boom, boom, BAAM! A sharp spot light suddenly illuminates a new stage. A naked man is trussed in a sling, a Master, a Lord, stands leatherclad beside him

The music again, Boom, boom, boom, BAAM! Another pair, another platform, a hooded figure beside them looking like

DRUMMER 12

something out of the Inquisition, One has his wrists attached to a yoke suspended from the ceiling. The other is standing arms across his chest, only a body harness and a leather pouch around his groin highlight his masculine naked-

Boom, boom, boom, BAAM! A hu-man cry . . . real fear . . . reflections of light from the spotlight are caught on a metal cage as it's passed through the crowd, its inhabitant yelling with honest terror as he's delivered in his package to the third stage, and released, into the heavy arms of Lord Mac.

Drummer night's begun in earnest

"Posing" and "planning" aren't things that usually come to mind when you think of a Drummer party. But they sure as hell worked this time

The Afro-Cuban chant kept going, you could feel the Houston men pick it's primeval tones with their bodies, You could see, smelt, touch the sweat on their skin as the three ringed circus of hell

came to life before their very eyes The first stage. The Master, Lord, reaches over, pulsing his body to the beat of the music. A gasp went up from the crowd when the glint of metal caught the spotlight and his hand swiftly. expertly thrust the sharp needle into the tit of his willing (?) victim. Again, and then there were two pins stuck in the chest flesh of the suspended body. Can dles were lifted over the figure and hot wax dripped slowly down over the split torso. The Lord's pleased, He stands up straight beside his sobbing victim and stares into a crowd that's so in awe they can't even applaud

The lights shift to the second stage The leather jocked man begins his performance, the second act. Shaving cream s spread over the trussed slave. A straight edge razor comes out. The body is shorn of any semblence of masculine hair in a slow, tantanzing, series of scrappings. When the razor slips (did it?) the Lord doesn't mind, he licks off the offending

And then Lord Mac and his boy, who's now securely fastened to a cross bar ar rangement, his back to the audience and to Lord Mack's whip. The music beats on, and the whip begins to play its own song as welt after welt appears on the helpless

Later - much later Lord Mac and I are standing in the back yard of the Different Drum, a place for outdoors

drinking and . .
"Well, JP, seems to me we pulled off something your readers might want to know about." At his feet a boy is licking the black leather boots. Lord Mac takes a nit off his cigar and exhales the heavy smoke, "Seems to me, you might even find some of those hot men of yours up in New York and tell'em where they might learn a thing or two

Texans have never been known for their humility. Houston gives them few reasons to learn that lesson in life

John Presson







That Saturday morning, after Buck had lost his ass to me and I had accepted and used the victor's spoils, both of us were tired and proudly sore. After I had fucked this farmboy's tight-muscled ass and then allowed him to beat off his own hard cock in the corner of the ring, I had uncuffed him and we lay in the middle of the ring. We awoke Saturday morning with our brused and uching bodies clutched close together. each of us gently clenched in the other's sleeping bearing.

I awoke before Buck did and immediately felt my morn ing hard-on. More than a night's piss, I could tell that my cock was hard because this man was ying tightly niny arms, his hard hairy chest clamped against mine, his swollen cock rubbing my own, the smell of dried fight-sweat in my waking nostrils. Yes, I liked waking up with this strong Georgia man next to me. Feeling him against me brought wonderful memones of the hours we had spent the night before mauling each other in real gut-wrenching combat and of how he had humbled himself before me after his defeat and had swallowed my conquering cock up his ass. Almost instinctively I tightened my grip around Buck and rolled him over onto his stomach. mounting his ass and pressing my body down on his back, My cock slid comfortably up and down the crack between those firmly muscled cheeks probing for the asshole I knew was

Buck stirred under me, cocked his head around, and said,

'The deal was for one scene, fucker - get offa me "
"Oh, I'm not doing it this time because I whipped your ass last night ' I ran my hands a ong Buck's biceps, massaging the strong but tired muscles. "I want this one just for the fun of

"The 'fun' of it, huh?" Buck tightened his arms, as if preparing to bolt and topple me. "Well, I'd like some 'fun' of my my ass for yours, buddy!"

I lied. Buck relaxed then and settled under me. I saw a faint smile on Buck's face as he felt the spit in my hand on his manhole. Yeah, I thought, this is gonna be fun, stud. I lowered myself onto Buck's back, slowly pushing my cock into his warm asshole. I felt Buck's back muscles tighten against my chest and his ass tighten around my cock as I

steadily shoved seven stiff inches into this farmboy's packed ass. My body tightened and hardened, too, to fight any resistance Buck might give me. When my cock was completely buried in his hole, I wrapped my arms around Buck, plnning his arms against his side. As I squeezed my arms tighter around Buck, I rocked my dick deeper into his struggling asshole. He tried bucking under me, tried raising to his knees, but I kept him pinned to the ring mat, his face and shoulders pressed into the mat with my full bodyweight holding him down, my arms clamping his helpless against him, my thick cock dr.lling his aching ass. To relax him, I began to lick his neck and shoulders, my beard scratching through the coarse blond hair on his shoulders and the back of his neck, my tongue lapping up the sweat that had dried on us from the last night's brawl Buck's body relaxed, yielded, as if he were submitting again

My stiff cock inside Buck's ass finally felt his muscles relax and accept it deep into his shithole. As he relaxed, I through the thick hair on his chest, looking for his nipples I found the extended nipples in the hair and began squeezing, pinching them between my thumb and finger. The soreness from last night's workout on Buck's tits sent shivers through his tensing body. I gripped harder around his arms and tight ened my clamp on his sore nipples as he moaned, keeping him pinned under me and impaled on my rock-hard dick. "Now, now," I mumbled into his shoulders, releasing his tits and running my hands through the hair on his chest, feeling his powerful arms pinned and helpless under mine. "Just relax and enjoy it, boy "I began pumping my cock in and out of his hairy butt, withdrawing slowly and then driving back in the full length of my dick. Again his body relaxed completely and yielded to my strength, to my invading prick. My hands roughly massaged Buck's strong chest, grabbing

onto the thick hair that covered his hard muscles, tugging the chest har, pulling him in tighter against me as I rocked my cook back and forth in his ass. With one hand I reached under Buck's crotch from behind and pulled his cock and balls under him toward his asshole, causing him to raise his hips to meet

mine, I again clamped my arms around his body, grabbed onto his chest hair with both fists, and pumped my dick harder and harder into Buck's upraised ass. I stiffened my legs and shifted my weight to my toes so that with every thrust of my hips I landed full-weight onto Buck's strong backside, driving my cock deeper into the stud's straining asshole. The cum was ready to explode in my balls every time they slapped

As I felt myself about to cum, I hooked my feet on the bottom rope of the ring, increasing the leverage and power driving my bursting cock into this hairy stud's vice-like ass. I tightened my clamp around Buck and roared into his ear as I started to shoot a thick heavy load into his gut. "Oh, $F \ U-C-K'!!$ " I yelled, feeling my balls empty their hot load through my jerking dick. The tightness of Buck's ass resisted my cock but couldn't stop the manjuice I pumped into him When the hot spurts of cum had stopped, I lowered my feet from the rope and lay on Buck's back, my dick still filling his

"Shit, that ass is tight," I mumbled at Buck. I freed his arms from his side, he stretched them over his head, and I laid mine on top of his. The sweat between my chest and his back, between my crotch and his ass was hot and full of smells from last night's fight scene as well as this morning's fuck. Buck's powerfully muscled body under mine provided sturdy, warm cushioning for my own tired muscles. He felt as good then as any man I've ever felt under me. I lapped my tongue across his sweaty neck and said, "I'm sure I'll be teaching that ass a few more tricks before I send it whimpering back

Buck's body tensed under me, "Okay, dude," he began in that slow but determined drawl, "you've had your fun. My turn. Now get that thing outta my ass." With that he rolled me off him, pulling my cock out of his ass as I fell off his back. Buck raised up on one elbow, stroked his huge cock with the other hand. "Get that ass ready for a man's cock,

boy!" he said, pulling harder on his bulging, veiny dick.

I raised to my knees and faced Buck. "You show me another man in here besides me and I'll gladly take his cock boy!" I stood and walked to the corner of the ring. Buck looked stunned, angry.
"Listen, fucker," he began, "a deal's a deal - my ass for

"I never said I don't cheat, sucker." I climbed through the ropes and walked to the door to the playroom. "No me gets my ass 'just for the fun of it." He has to fight for it!" slammed the door, leaving Buck standing in the middle of

the ring with his cock bobbing in the air. I walked to the bathroom and stepped into the shower. As soon as I felt the first warm trickles of water rolling down my sweaty back, Buck ripped open the shower curtain and turned off the water. He glared at me like a wounded animal. "You yellow bastard!" he spat. "That was a dirty cocksuckin." trick you pulled in there, and you're gonna pay for it - with your ass!"

"Just like last night, right?" I reached for the shower faucet but Buck's hand clamped down on my wrist like an eagle's

claw digging into its victim.

"No, not like last night!" Buck's eyes showed more hatred than hurt at my sarcastic reminder. " 'Cause last night I wasn't mad. Now I really want to hurt and humiliate you. That worthless ass of yours just became my property, cocksucker!" I jerked my hand from his grasp. I returned Buck's glare. "If you're so fuckin' sure you're man enough to take my ass especially after last night - why don't you put more on the line than just one night's use of your ass - I've had that

a ready!"

"Put up what? Money?" "Fuck no - it doesn't hurt to lose money." By now we were shouting at each other, spitting out words like venom. I stepped out of the shower and past Buck, and led him back to the playroom From a hook on one of the ring braces, I took a chain slave's collar and tossed it onto the mat in mid-ring. "I say we bet more than just one bottom scene how about a lifetime bottom scene? The winner collars the loser - for good!" I leaned against the top rope in readiness, defying the strong blond fucker to accept my stakes: the loser becomes the winner's slave, I knew wrestling Buck under those terms was risky - he was strong, one helt of a grappler, and litterally turning white with anger. I knew that Buck was not

going to go down easy in a fight for permanent possession, but I knew I wanted him and was eager to battle to claim him. I'd never met a better fighter or a tighter ass - ! wanted him, wanted him to be there to fight and fuck at my will, and I would have him no matter what it took.

"You mean, this match is for keeps? The loser belongs to the winner?" Buck put his hands on his sturdy hips and

"That's what a collar's for, shitface!"

Buck laid one arm on the top rope and walked closer to me, his anger tensing the muscles in his strong hairy body, his cock still full-mast hard. "Well, I ain't so sure your ass is worth fightin' for," he said with a mocking sneer, "but it sure as he'll

will be fun to keep 't around to abuse whenever ! want to I laid my hand, slowly, on Buck's shoulder and offered my other hand to him. "Well, boy, if you think you can take more of what I gave you last night and this morning, I'll gladly give it to youl After I stomp your ass again, of course.

"Shee-it!" Buck drawled as he clasped my hand. We shook hands, each refusing to be intimidated by the other's wrenching grip. Buck withdrew his hand and I walked back to the

As I stood in the warm spray of water, lathered up and pumping my cock, imagining the action to come with Buck later, I was sure that he was in the ring pounding his own aching dick, as eager for vengeance on my ass as I was for pos-

After my shower, I left Buck alone in the apartment, tell ing him that I didn't want to see his face again till I saw it across the ring from me at midnight. I tossed him the spare key. "Just be in your corner and ready at midnight, boy!" remainder of the day I spent readying for that night's combat A light workout at the gym to work some of Friday night's soreness out of my muscles; sauna and steamroom to relax and take time to plot; a long sleep. Around 10:00 I went out knowing I would be out only until time to go home, strip, and climb through the ropes. A few beers, a lot of meandering around spent psyching myself up for the encounter with this powerfully built farmboy who wanted my ass every pit as much as I wanted his. Reminding myself of the stakes we'd agreed to, losing to mean slavery, served to feed my determination. I knew I wanted this Georgia stud around, wanted his hard hairy muscled body and that vice of an asshole around to be used as I willed. Knew too that it was not going to be easy to bring Buck to submit to slavery - no way in hell that fightin' stud was going to let any man chain him up without one hell of a brawl. Whatever fear I felt about the kind of attack Buck was capable of launching was outweighed by my determination to have him - to stomp the fuck out of that ass and make it mine. As midnight crept closer, I got more and more easer to battle Buck By the time I arrived back at my apartment, I literally needed this fight

I slammed the apartment door behind me and stomped to the playroom. The door was slightly ajar; I kicked it open and bolted into the dark arena. Another kick slammed the door. So single-minded was I in my determined anticipation of victory, so absorbed, that it took a few seconds for my eyes to adjust to the glow of the bright red spotlight that burned down in the middle of the ring. As they did begin to focus. there materialized before me, bathed in the surreal red beam the most impressive, most fearful image of Man that I have ever seen. I distinguished first the hands, covered in skin-tight fingerless brack leather gloves, one hand open the other fisted and pounding into the open palm with a healthy siapping noise. Then the forearms and biceps, full and hard, covered with thick curly biond hairs that seemed a ive in the red glow His trunk-like legs, spread and tensed, his hairy thighs flexed and rippling, his solid calves encased in high-top black leather wrestling boots. The hair-covered widespread shoulders that fluidly rippled and bulbed as he punched his left palm; the hard densely haired muscular chest, his rocky pecs and already stiffened nipples, the punch-proof gut muscles heaving slowly in anticipation. His 8-inch cock beginning to harden and point down his thigh from the studded cockring circling the hairy base of his dick. His head covered in a tight-fitting hood with enlarged holes for his eyes, nose, and mouth - a wrestler's mask of black leather. I stood for several seconds stanng at the man forming before me, and my dick jutces to full length down the leg of my 501s. As soon as fully perceived Buck standing there in the ring corner, poised and ready to tangle, glaring at me with a kind of sadistic determination that I had never seen before, my first thought was, my only I, sat might less my, as and end up an a form in thum flock, Gorgon II wasn't lear; it was a rational evaluation of thought was to win, to kick this fuctier's as into a helpies stupor, to extract from him total obedient submission to my will to make this raw hould my slight.

In the silence broken only by the sound of Buck's large fits slamming into his learner-covered pain, I began to rip off my clothes, throwing them noisily into the dark corner of the room. Naked except for the cockring around my balls and come. Naked except for the cockring around my balls and a come of the cockring around my balls and them and laced up. I did this all in the participation of the cockring around my balls are the could light, keeping a full view of Buck but known git that he could

hear me better than see me

My boots on now, I stood on the outside of the ring corner opposite Buck. I swam gav right leg over the middler ope, ducked under the top rope, and rose up in the spot glow in front of my opponent. I stood still and tensed, my arms, at front of my opponent, of the stood still and tensed, my arms, at pounding of his palm and slowly put his hands on his high, standing in open defiance of mr. The deafering silence of our determined, expectant glares seemed to last for hours. Slowly inched my left hand to my cotch, pulling on the hard length carried to the standing casually through the rough black but on the standing casually through the rough black but on the standing casually through the rough black but on the standing casually through the rough black but on the standing case of the standing case o

For an instant Buck's eyes flinched into hateful narrow slits. He drew back his head and with great force spit a golf-ball-sized glob of sallwa at me. I tensed and let the spit splash on my shoulder and trickle down into the hairs on my chip hand, so my shoulder and trickle flown into the hairs on my chip hand, so specify the spit of my shoulder, and rubbed it over the head

of my swollen co

"Boy, you better hope I whip your ass before this spit dries, 'cause I'd hate to rip your ass up with a dry cock!" I had never been so ready, so eager to hurt another man in my

"All right, fucker." Buck straightened to his full height "Cut the shit. We got us a fight here, and I think it's high time we got started." He laid his huge arms on the top rope and leaned back against the turnbuckle "Now, the way I see it. the stakes here are pretty high, a lot more important than just a last fuck. We're talking about the loser pattin his whole fuckin' life at the disposal of the winner. Don't get me wrong - I ain't complainin'." He spoke calmly, slowly, his Georgia drawl empty of any humor and riveting in its monotone, fact, I know I can put your ass to work on the farm back home and make you the sorriest son-of-a-bitch that ever cheated me out of anything." His voice revealed no sign of bravura, just matter-of-fact determination. "I just thought since the stakes are so high, you might want to talk about the 'rules' We'l, don't! Cause I don't give a hog's ass what kinda rules you lay out, I ain't gonna hear 'em." He came a step closer, farther into the heat of the red spotlight. His masked figure glowed "You got that, cocksucker?" His so ce was more intense, close to a yell. "I don't care what it takes to stomp the fuckin' Jesus outta you. I'm gonna pull your bloody bails up through your ears if I have to! You are gonna be one ugiy fuckin' mess when I'm done with you!" Buck was snarling. "So you pick any 'rules' you want, pussy I don't know none of 'em!" By now Buck was panting in anger. The muscles of his hard hairy body looked ready to explode in the red ring light

I stepped to the center of the ring and dug roots into the mat, my arms tensed at my sides. With complete calm, I stared into the eyes behind the leather mask and said, "You just kissed goodbye to your last day as a free man."

In an instant he was crouched before me, ready to fight. I stepped back with one foot and bent to meet him.

Buck pounced. Our arms entwined and our bodies crashed logether chest-to-chest, crotoch-to-crotoch as each of us tried to seize early control of the other. The bearing clamped us to guther, locked cock-to-cock, my beard and face buried in the muscles on the side of his neck, his leather-covered face presed into my neck. We struggled in that position, granding as we fought for footing advantages, straining to toppie the other stud, our cocks mashed together, for several seconds. I feil Buck's body backing up, yielding to my strength, felt myself backing him into the corner. As our momentum toward the corner started, Buck's muscles froze for an instant. We stopped in the center of the ring, and I felt the top of Buck's thigh stamming up into my given II gasped and jerked from the bow the turnbuckle with his shoulder. The pain in my balls blue red my vision, but still I saw as well as felt the masked fucker buttering me into the turnbuckle again and again with his shoulder.

When I stood there wobbly from being battering-rammed into the corner, Buck straightened, moved in closer, and lifted my head with his hand on my throat. He shoved my head back over the top rope and snarled, "I warned you, cocksucker, From way behind him his arm swung around, his beety fore-arm hammered solidly on the top of my exposed chest. As I rebounded off the rope, again his arm swung in from left field and smacked my chest and throat. But when I staggered back the second time. I wrapped my arms around the rope and presented a rebound Buck lunged, grasping the ar and fasting into the ropes as I rolled out of his path. Still too stunned to attack, I hung on the rope, crouched over to clear my head and catch my breath. Before I could stand upright, Buck stomped the sole of his boot into my side, knocking me into the ropes and down to the mat. I lay there on my side as Buck came crashing down onto me, his knee in my shoulder. He grabbed my hair and lifted me enough to clamp a headlock on me, trapping my head between his rock-hard forearm and bicep. We collided with a thud on the mat, my nose and mouth buried in his hairy armpit, his full weight crashing down across

my battered chest. Instinctively, I grabbed for Buck's hair — but connected misting the Buck's weight, and my right hand alone could be follows under Buck's weight, and my right hand alone could get this fucker off my face. I found the eye holes in his mak, naked my fingers in at the corner, and pulled and twisted at Buck's head to get him off me. I couldn't pull him off fully but he did shift his leverage enough that my nose and mouth position. As I began to recover my wind, I drove my knee into Buck's back, keeping his head under control by pulling at his leather mask. Ayain and again I kneeded the fucker in the small of his back till left the right of his headlow weakening. I girked my left same out from under him and stammed not from under him, back toward the center of the ms.

My balls still thrombed and I hadn't yet fully regained my breath. As I kneeled on my hands and knees on the mat, trying to regroup, from nowhere Buck crashed down on me with his elbow on the back of my neck, pounding me into the mat, As he pounded my back with forearm smashes, he wrapped his other arm around my throat and then feil down on me, his weight trapping me under him, his hand deliberately choking me. I felt his leathered hand clutching my throat and his hard hairy chest pressing me into the ringfloor. I worked my way up to my knees, Buck st I trapping my head with his forearm pressed tight against my windpipe. I leaned in and raised up enough to force Buck to expose his stomach and then plowed my fist into his gut directly above his groin. I heard Buck gasp as I felt his lock on my throat weaken for an instant, I threw another hard right, this one landing just inches from the base of his cock. I heard another gasp and felt Buck release me I withdrew from him and saw the masked dude starting to double over. I lashed out with a solid forearm smash to the side of his masked head that toppled him to his side.

Still on my kness I stopped for a few seconds to try to catch my breath, I saw Buck beginning to rise of the mat to his kness, watched his powerful body coming back to life instantly I swampy my lega around him and locked my feet in a finantity is swampy to the company of the my least in a the waist scissors, I trapped one of them in an armbar and now held Buck almost immobile on the mat. He tred to wriggle and boil out of the scissors, but I kept him still with the armary. With his free hand, he tred trelessly to pry my boots have been also been also been also been also been also been also tightly wedged against his side; the harder I oppered, he harder my cock pressed into Buck's hard-mycede body.

When I regained my wind and most of my strength, I felt a hell of a lot more anger than pain. I wanted to hurt this dirty cocksucker, hurt him bad. Since the armbar left his armpit and pec completely exposed, I attacked. I grabbed Buck's exposed hairy pec and dug my fingers in, clawing at his muscle as if I were going to rip it apart. Buck groaned and twisted as much as the waist scissors would permit him. squeezed harder, digging my thumb into Buck's armpit and raking at his pec with my fingers. His moaning became a loud cry and he began to thrash between my legs. In his thrashing, he managed to twist and move up in my scissors so that we were now clamped crotch-to-crotch, facing each other on our sides, my boot-heels digging into his ass, our cocks and balls grinding together in our hairy crotches. It was difficult to maintain the claw on his pec from that angle, and I felt my grip on his chest muscle weaken. Buck drew back to throw a right that landed stinging on my bicep. Again he drove his fist at me, this time into my hard chest. He threw a third punch, but I blocked it and trapped his arm at his side. As I tightened the pressure on the scissors around Buck's hips, I grabbed his head in my left arm and drove a hard right into the top of his forehead. The blow stunned him. We separated

Although we are the same size, Buck looked massive as wenter in the center of the ring. The beads of sweat forming on his body glistened in the hot red spotlight glow and highletch his powerf. Is deev aped musles. The west hind his ron his chest and shoulders almost glowed. The hood he west had had ron his chest and shoulders almost glowed. The hood he west had had ron his chest and shoulders almost glowed. The hood he west had had ron couldn't stiffle a moment of admiration and respect for this awesome Georgia farm hunk. It his tight-assed raw flightin stud whose as it hanted to whip and own. As we faced each other, both of us regrouping the forces, Buck eyed me with that same mix of respect and harted that only the dudes in the middle of a good for fispect and harted that only the dudes in the middle of a good control of the proving in the ring that. I was the better man. As I rose to my feet, I was even more

determined to stomp this fucker into slavery.

Bucs stood also. We both stretched for a moment, clearing our heads and readying for another attack. Buck began pacing along the ropes, a determined, watchful pace, like a jumple car preparing to strike lis prey. With a faked air of unconcern, Liet my arms hang at my sides and shifted my weight behave the property of the property of

it's your last!"

"Aw, fuck you," Buck mumbled as he paced.

"Don't get your hopes up, slaveboy."

At that Buck's musc es tensed and his pacing halted Just as I uncrossed my arms, he bounded for me, grabbing my right arm and hurling me over his hip. I landed with a thud on my back under him. As I rolled away and rose upright, again he grabbed my arm and hip-rolled me to the ring mat. He tried a third time, but as he turned into me and began to roll me over his hip, I drove my knee into his ribcage. He dropped my arm and staggered sideways toward the ropes, catching onto the middle rope and hanging on. I approached his huddled body. As I reached out to grab him his eft arm flicked up and he slapped me sharply on the balls. As I clutched my balls and bent over. Buck threw a right hook into my stomach, I stag gered back and Buck lunged at me. He scooped me up in his steely arms, turned me upside down, and body-slammed me flat-assed in the center of the ring. I felt like my spine had snapped Before I could even think of rolling away, Buck dropped with all his weight knee-first across my chest. I was sure my ribs had broken. Buck latched onto my hair and lifted me to my feet, hoisting me upright, and then pummelled me across the chest with his hard forearm.

I fell back and crashed into the corner tumbuckle, jarring werry bone in my already battered toxo. I hung stunned on the corner ropes, Buck quickly bounded in scooped me up the corner ropes, Buck quickly bounded in scooped me up the corner ropes and the scooped me up the corner ropes and the scooped me up the corner rope of the were trying to break me in Alf, Buck crashed knne-first across the small of my back, I couldn't move, Buck then under my other, As he leaned back and pulled, my head snap-

ped back — I thought it would come off! I grabbed Buck's wrists with each hand and pulled downward with all my weight and all the strength! could muster. The pain in my neck was nearly paralyzing. I knew that I couldn't hold on much longer:—that I was damned close to giving up

That thought — of submitting to Buck and being his slave flashed images into my head of laboring from dawn to dark dusk, of milking the cows' tits first thing in the morning, of servicing Buck and god knows who or what else—over-whelmed me. There was no sudden, superhuman burst of strength; just a renewed realization of the trouble I was in and a restrengthered determination areas to let that happen

I worked myself up onto my knees, Buck still straddling my back and wrenching my head and neck back. The more I slowly rose up, the more Buck was standing rather than sitting on my back. At that point, I too stood up, slowly archive the standard of the standard st

Holding onto the top ropes, I leapt into the air and kicked with both feet into the air at the hairy glowing ingase rathing toward me. I felt my boots connect with something, like unuming into accordance my boots connect with something, like unuming into accordance my wision cleared and I saw Buck sprawied on their nightor, rolling in pain and attempting to get up. I shook my head again and then more clearly saw that he was rising to his kines, turned sideways toward me I was still up. I shook my head again and then more clearly saw that he was rising to his kines, turned sideways toward me I was still night to the control of th

turnbuckle, but it did worse to Buck. He rolled on the ring mat, clutching his shoulder, writhing in pain.

I'd had enough. Goddammit, I thought, who the fuck does he think he is? You son-of-a-bitch! I walked to center-ring and savagely stomped Buck in his throbbing shoulder. He jerked in pain, and I again stomped the bottom of my leather boot into his shoulder. I reached down, grabbed his left arm and held it out away from his body pinned to the mat, my other hand balancing on his pec. I hurled my legs up into the air and crashed down onto Buck's arm, one knee in his shoulder, the other in his bicep. As Buck bolted in pain, I lifted his body so that he was sitting on the mat, his battered arm still trapped in my grasp swung around and clamped my legs around his masked head, trapping his face in my sweaty crotch, and locked my boots in a headscissors. I fell back, rolling Buck over onto his stomach and securing his head between my legs like a vice. Still grabbing his left arm, the one I had tortured, I snapped it around into a hammerlock, forcing Buck's hand well up between his shoulder blades. I fest Buck's hot, quick breath on my balls, felt the leather of his mask rubbing tightly against my hard cock, felt the studs on my cockring jabbing into Buck's cheek. My crotch muffled his moans, but I could feel his body shudder and stiffen each time I thrust his hand farther up his back wrenching his stinging shoulder muscles even more. Holding his arm in place with my right hand, and clamping down even tighter on his masked head, I pummelled Buck's reddened shoulder with my left fist. Each punch to his shoulder caused Buck to shudder and groan again I could feel his mouth moving against my balls as if he were trying to say "Ready to give it up, fucker?" | yelled at Buck Again !

the Basic Ambing work and slapping me on the thight as sign that he was giving up. "Oh, fuck," I mumbled I couldn't extract a properly worded submission from him as long as his mouth was boried in my hary croth? Goddmann!, I thought, the submission of the submission from him as long as his bed and the submission from him as the submission of the bed and crolled him over onto his back, it winds trapping his own arm in the harmerfock. Balanding my hashed on his character shoulder. Buck was growing loudly as I lifted him by his shoulder. Buck was growing loudly as I lifted him by his head into a sitting position. I plopped down behind him and wrapped my legs around his waist, locking my boots together, and again shoved his left arm up behind his back.

and again shoved his left arm up behind his back.

"I you're gonna give up, cockssuker," I panted, "It better
be right!" I wou're gonna give up, cockssuker," I panted, attehing his chin
in the crook of my elbow, and bent his head back toward
me. The look in Buck's eyes behind his mask betrayed all the
pain that he was too proud to admit. I knew then that I had
him, that all I took now was a respectful submission from

But Buck wasn't saying anything, "All right, goddammit, have it your way," I shouted at him. I clamped my legs sight enough around his waist that my knees nearly met each other, and I et go of the ch'n luck only to drive my clbow into Buck's shoulder, he let our a loud cry.

"All right! All right! Yeah, I give! I give man!"
"You never learn, do you, shit-head!" With that, I drew

back to throw another elbow into Buck's shoulder.
"No! No!" he cried out, "Not again! Please, sir! Please —
I submit, Sir! I submit!"

It was over. This ball-bustin' fightin' stud had just loudly and clearly — and properly! — admitted defeat at my hands. And I've never been so fucking grateful for the ending of a fight!

I released my holds on Buck and collapsed back on the mat. Buck went limp and rolled from between my legy, lying on buck was a man and rolled from between my legy, lying on the release of the proposed my legy and the release of the

I stood up and spread my feet around Bus 4; bead, "lety," called down to him as I nudged his shoulder with my boot, "get up here! I sin't done with that as yet!" Buck slowly, "get up here! I sin't done with that as yet!" Buck slowly, hands and knees. I reached under his blets and to see head up, raising him upright on his knees, "I said get up, statemy." I grabbed a handful of the coarse blond hair on the back of his neck and it to his feet. I supped my hand on the back of his neck and it has get I supped my hand on the back of his neck and by any your as is dead!" rise." You move before I get back, boy, and your as is dead!" rise.

I walked to the bathroom and returned with a small travel kit. From the ring brace I took down the handcuffs and the slaw's collar. I climbed back, into the ring and dropped the cuffs, collar, and travel kit on the ringfloor. Buck stood straight with his back to me the whole time. I walked up behind Buck and roughly grabbed his ass cheeks in my hands.

"Dammitty you better get used to me grabbing that ass, shiftace!" I swung my arm back and slapped Buck's ass with the back of my hand, then went back to kneading he ass muscles. I walked around in front of Buck and stared at him. If made no move of deflance, but in his eyes there was still a trace of natred and distrust — they were not the eyes of a slake. I wanted total submission from this cocksucker, and I

wanted it now! Putting one hand under Buck's chin, with the other arm I reared back and smacked him solidly in the middle of his reared back and smacked him solidly in the middle of his reared him solidly in the middle of his reared him solid him and drove ny Ince line, and have good him and the property has been should him face-first to the mat. I walked up behind him and planted my boot on the back of his neck, pinning his face onto the mat. "Darms you, you are my property now, and not have not been sold to him to have a support of his reared him to him to have a support of his reared him to have a support of his reared him to him to have a support of his reared him to have a support on the mat. The him to have a support of him to have a support of him to have a support on the him to have a support on him to have a support on him to have a support on him to him to have a support on him him to have a support on him him him him him

"Get up on your knees, ass-wipe now!"

Buck rose to his knees and I stepped in front of him, pushng my sweaty crotch into his masked face. I rubbed my had
aching dick against the leather hood over his head, pressing

his face into my crotch with my hand behind his head "Lick your Master's cock, by. Lick if "Buck's trongs reaso out of the hole in his mask and began lapping the sweat and precume off my hard cock. Buck graned as I lifted his himboling air hole of the hole of the hole of the product of the hole of the continued licking my cock and balls. I locked one of the recommend the hole of the hole of the continued licking my cock and balls. I locked one of the recommend to his right write, pearing his hands, behind his back. I lifted him back upright and again bands behind his back. I lifted him back upright and again behind his back and halty balls into his face and demanded cannot be all the hole of t

early weaking my occa, and balls with his hot tongue.

Oldar, When speed away from Suck and picked up the slave's collar. When speed away from Suck and picked up the slave's collar. When speed away from Suck and service that cock, boy," Suck opened his mouth and let my dick slide nall ris boy, "Suck opened his mouth and let my dick slide nall ris and recent my hims but any hance at the sales of in s head and recent my hims but any hance at the sales of in she and recent my hims but any hance at the sales of in she and recent my hims but any hance at the sales of in she and recent my hims but any hance and recent my not be an and recent my sales of the sales

I wrapped the collar around Buck's neck and squeezed the lock shut. The click of the lock reminded me that Buck was now my property, he was mine to do with anything I mother fuckin' pleased! This unused, honds' girl in farm stud every musele, every hair, every cell, every movement — was mine to control.

"You know what that means, don't you, boy?"
"Yes, Sir . . . I'm yours, Sir." Buck said it with his head bent, but still I thought I sensed a small bit of pride in the

aomission.

I lifted his chin and looked him in the eye — "You goddamn right, you're mine!" I reached behind him and unlaced
the leather westler's mas. As I pulked the mass off him,
Buck shook his head and then looked up at me, During the
bout with him hooded. I had almost lorgotten the rugged
beauty of this bearded blond stud's face. Seeing it again made
me even more pleased with my orize.

From the trawel kit I got a pair of bather's ickisors and walled back to Buck. There was worry in Buck's folon." Just relax and lick that cock some more, boy." As Buck closed his relax and lick that cock some more, boy." As Buck closed his every and burded his togogic in my croticn, when the sweat and copy of the same that he sweat and the same to be sufficient to the sweath of the same that he sweath and the same that he was stanned, possibly even angered. I backed away from him and said, "Don't ever question anything that I do you can be sufficient to be sufficient to be sufficient to the sweath of the same that he was stanned, possibly even angered. I backed away from him and said, "Don't ever question anything that I do you't built to make the said. "Don't ever question anything that I do you't built to do not I will throw you out like any other worthless plece and the said was the said to be exactly what you're told to do not be sufficient to be exactly what you're told to do not be sufficient to the said to be sufficient to be sufficien

Buck owallowed. "Yes, Sir. I will, Sir."

I went back to Buck and throat my cock in his face. He immedically recurred ucking my pasts and cock, and It went back
acceptable to the second of the sec

The cream spread easily through Buck's bristly hair. I saw Buck struggling to keep something from bursting out of his throat, but he said rothing I was proud of him, proud of his having humbled hamself before me Proud of having stomped his regged as most to his subm son to my will I legan sharing his fead, carefully and slowly drawing the razor over his scap, steadying his head as still as possible. In slowly deliberate

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN



DRUMMER'S DADDIES

DRUMMER 20



Norman, above, has reached forty years, which could put him in the Daddy category. Norman is shown alone but is seldom found that way.



DRUMMER'S DADDIES

From Europe. Doday Max, above, 55 years old, has seen it all and makes good use of his knowledge. Doddy's boy is 23 Left, born of New Orleans arrator case; Doddy Dens, 47 years old, sames on the family tradition of champagne taste in his legality beforested perhations on San Francisco Nob Mull, Doddy's boy is 21.

DRUMMER'S DADDIES



Daddy Bob, above, 55 year old, will take you to there it you sare. His favorite thing is witching his tattoos disappear. Daddy's boy is 21.

At right Fex, 40, is as big as his state with a breat of gold plus Seventeen William dollars and a powder blue Cadillac Convertible. Daddy's boys are 22 and 23 and admit to chubby-chasing.



MOTHER'S

54 Room Y Style Hotel

Mother's Levi Leather Bar

Outside Patio Cafe

Cell Block Leather Shop

24 hour Restaurant

Mother Trucker's Levi Leather Disco

DIG IN!

133 N.W. First Ave. Miami, Florida (305) 358-6962

Sticks and Stones by jason klein



I lay back into the cold sponge of a ground, nestied among the smells of mud and reeds, and watched sliver drifting out of the sun. The sky was vest above me, endlessly falling blue like a pale, siltent set dearfrening multiferently. I did not want to stand. The great pyramid of New San Francisco was up there, high in the sky like a speel dangling from the ear of a splinar, a thunderhead peering over fog pickets into the backyard of a thunderhead peering over fog pickets into the backyard of

Do not step on the ground Do not step off the clouds.

The marsh crickets were crinkling twilight, chirping, so there I lay soaking in musk like Ulysses bound against the

Sirens. The night would hide me.
The great pyramid of New San Francisco would not hurt

The great pyramid separated in the last lip of the sun, sheens slicing it into a multitude of little pyramids, all clear and flashing, the pyramid of pyramids floating on winds of

The last glearning was not twilight's. It was not the last lip of the sun, but candles on patrol, the iron balloons of pops souting in between the pyramids before drifting out of the city and netting curfew. The pyramid of pyramids dissolved

I saddled my kite and lifted swinging to a legal height, scissoring breezes homeward. I was almost within the city when one of the iron balloons laid rays on my sails, Immediately four other candles surrounded me, pops orbitting my flight and shouting, "Bust your brains, little boy? Can't read the night, pussyboy? It's curfew." 'Ey, stop hounding poof. I bumped a tree and troubled my

sails. I'm my best, considering. My hour is on."
"Snot pussy." The pops' orbit shattered in a flurry, purpose y Loping my fight to try dumping me from my saddle I muscled sails and dipped between the pyramids of Bazaar Street, circling home just to pester candles. I doubt they spotted me while I was on the ground.

We were at the beach, Eric and I naked while Daniel kept his clothes on. Now Eric has his clothes on and Daniel is blushing because his are off for a white, but only because I'm obsays the things that I think but never say because my head is always so cluttered with unfinished symphonies. He has me on a boomerang. Plug me into a wall, somebody!

Eric and I were naked and Daniel kept his clothes on, 1

Mother, he's in here again,

Wade Goldman, you get out of there this instant. How many times must I tell you? Leave your sister alone when she's on the toilet

No, just your basic confusion

Daniel is too scary. What do I do if I do get to touch him?

I have written dozens of poems about the sea, You can read any of them and it will be how this day was, the one I'm trying to write about. The sea was one of my poems and the lines belong to Daniel now because I spoke them out loud to him, in rough form instead of writing and polishing. It's not that I expect Daniel to remember them That's not the point. The point is that I knew I was being romantic and yet I let it happen. I didn't tighten. I said words without even thinking of paper. Then Daniel surprised me, asking, "Why aren't you writing it down?" He asked it without the usual resentful condescensions. We were very lacy, and he was saying every-thing 1 hide when I'm laced, shivering for purely metabolic reasons. The world is much colder when I'm lacy.

Eric was our bridge to each other, his behind propped between Daniel and me, so we started arranging stones along

a wooden fin. We ignored Eric's complaints and continued playing our game as if it had rules when it didn't I slipped a wedge of ade between the shales and secretly decided whoever held the most sticks in the end won. So far

Eric was winning

"Yea, Right here under RULES, See?" I held up sheet of alr. "Seventh paragraph, third sentence. See?"

"Good, Now play," The trick would be to gather sticks

without Daniel becoming suspicious, Daniel placed a stick between two pebbles in the middle of

"You can't do that.

Eric's back went crunch, "Why not?" I had a good reason for putting that boulder where I did. "Why can't I do that?"

"Because then you'll discover how you can."
"Well, all right!" I howled and removed the boulder while Daniel took another stick out from between Eric's elephants His elephants looked like two fat lips munching a mouthful of ribs. I laughed

"I knew you'd see that, OK, wise man, Here, Now take my stone, I dare you. You haven't won yet.'

I eyed the ruby he had placed on top of my jade, and smiled, "We're being romanti-My lace dropped all its sticks and ran screaming at the

sudden exhibition of its naked holes, desperate for a mirror. I'll have to get to know Daniel better.

Among a myriad pendulums swinging in a jungle of clocks chiming and cuckooing, unsynchronized ticktock like a wind of sticks clattering about the spitting snap of a fire placed between hidden Westminsters, grandfather St. Michael's and squat troubled Whittingtons, under the hammock over Igor's bed, we sweated, wrestling awkwardly until I was handcuffed behind my back and weakly raped. Then he spent half an hour me with the key while we groped metal holes in the bline of night.

We were awkward because we did not know who was to dominate who. Both of us remained too nervous to declare programmed us to believe we are not supposed to enjoy hier-

"What are you into?" I asked him

"No." He needed to be explained? "It depends on who I'm with I'm open,"

Well, so am I. I asked first.

"I'll hogue you."
"OK." I admit I didn't sound very enthusiastic, partly because I was afraid to expose how much I wanted it.
He stroked me, "I'm not going to hogtie you," He mistook my confusion for reluctance and failed to recognize my

hunger. Confusion remained and tangled our fantasy. I lost my bone when I was the conqueror, but I had it right there big and hard when I was his victim, bucking under his spill

My favorite clock loomed out of the wall above the hed, a giant wooden cuckoo ornamented with trussed rabbit and pheasant, horns and rifles, vines. Igor asked when he would see me again, and I thought of Daniel

I should have been more assertive about my suppression, Beat me, beat me, it feels so good.

Daniel felt inside my shirt where the winds of New San Francisco were busy. "Aren't you cold?"

"You're volcanic," My desperation for words smiled.

"That wasn't very good."

"You're a super nova." "You are the guaser of my heart," We hugged. "I think we're becoming nauseating."

A desperate dress eyed our calm embrace and drooled bitters. Daniel caught the wax of her hate and smiled, hugging me again and saying to her, "Do you know how wonderful

My aggression melted into greatness beside him, even though I said nothing as the dress shrivelled across the street like a blaspheming balloon released from confident finger-

My silence was my obstinate refusal to recognize her fury, secretly delighting in her persistent frustration shouting fury left ridiculous in the void, she the hyena and we the smiling carcass that would not kick.

Elvira, Myrtle and I went to watch islands dribble off the coast. Mountains opened up and pushed their continent aside. Sticks scuttled across dirt paths, bugs popped underground, and trees clambered over each other on all fours, "There must be a boy scout in the area."

We went around to some rickety steps winding their railing

down into a bright cove. We descended there to play in the white sand and wade through green waters. The seas move much slower here, brown erupting into blue,

heaves and eruptions strolling, sprays writhing. Grey anemone stars hung off cliff faces, gulping fog while the snowy beaches squirmed with whatever was living underneath them. I had forgotten what it was like, to be with nature. "See the lizard?" pointed Myrtle.

'Label it, Waddles "

"Lacertilia scaliosus." So I improvised, Memorizing any-

thing beyond suborders bores me. Ice plants splotched the hills like molten moss. I forced Myrtle and Elvira to look at themselves in the

mirror and showed them the therapy of talking with their reflections. For that I had to endure their calling me normal They couldn't handle confronting themselves.

We turned to leave the creeping sea, and cormorants barked an amazing squeak. i thumbed them. "At least they know who god is and are

heralding my return " Wade, your ego is not supposed to show like that,"

"Stick us in the madhouse, somebody, please.

"Knitting in our rockers with ego suppressants and purses of Wonder Bread " 'We re breaking."

'I think it's space sickness."

Baie de Bafy was a sunset desolation, the wind a bitter cold blasting at our faces as we bubbled, playing in a green foam wobbling along the yellow shore. The foam clung to our feet and calves like science fiction, a creeping growing slime, splashing across the dunes, some of them flowering in sandy crotches. Our laughter seemed to echo in the wind.

Elvira was traditionally unimpressed.

My tie and Elvira went back to Cape Town today, and all

ready I miss them. They are like sisters to me, and I have yet to find any women here I can really relax with. I've been too re axed to look.

In the clutter of ticktock chiming and cuckooing, three tongues wagged in and out of our single mouth, gasping and slurping above our tangled sweat. I bathed in orgasms spurting from the two monsters I had a hold of, and from my own monster furious in the smooth clutches of the two men towering over me. We idled, muscular. Igor was going to handcuff me, but Reeve was new to the city and we didn't want to frighten him. It might have corked our pornography.

I lunged at his shoulders and sank my teeth into his pleasure while pinning his naked resistance, every muscle between us sweltering, locking, wrestling bestial until our beasts broke and surfaced human. We stroked our heat and watched our chests billow and clench before one attacked the other and we favag a, our strengths oscillating in great waves. With every crash, we switched blades, then surged again, throwing each

other's body down and slapping elephants.

sneered hungry for a monster, "You'll have to make me." He bound me with an imagination I could toy with. I alternated fear with impatience, lust with defiance, battling until our throats were dry from so much breathing. We embraced and caressed, licking the slick salt of our exhaustion's persistence, then struggled again f Imagined a leather desert

He bound my bone and bags and fingers, trussed my retaliation with one cord after another until I was wadded but loose. I wanted it tight, complete subjugation while his power stuffed my hunger and exploded.

Instead he collapsed next to me, fatigued and panting, so I freed myself with an adeptness that surprised him, grabbed his weary body, and hogtied him with the same adamancy I had expected from him. He resented it more than was erotic. so I untied him and, handcuffing my feet together, delivered my own pain to myself, multiple orgasms collapsing into bodies collapsing into each other through the latters of my bed.

"How did you get loose?" "I've been tying myself up for seventeen years, You learn

these things." Only Igor would leave me a "Thank you" note on toilet paper. Fancy clown. But that was a few days ago. Daniel is not to be considered until I am organic again, not until the lace is out of my body because that is when Danie, is home, mud for my feet when my head is in the clouds I am where am, and all I need to do is accept that as much when I'm laced among everybody else's angles as when I'm alone with my own, lacy or not

I want to take this to the point of having my body ravaged far beyond what I want. I want to be thrust into panic and protest, crying in the realm of a more thorough domination. want somebody to break the sanctity of "stop," and then will have taken this facet of me far enough. It will be time then to explore another side of me

"Hello?"

"Is Brian there?" I asked, keeping the visual closed. "Wade! How are you?"

"I'm home. Brian wanted me to call about dinner tonight." The warmth of Daniel's mouth descended around my peanut and swallowed, rubbing shivers across my sprawi. "Uh, do you

"I don't know. Brian's still sleeping."

"I don't know, brian's suit steeping."
Beneath the clean shuffle of Danie's grapping tips, my legs stretched, tightened, twitches strung to clenching toes. "I don't know What time is it?"

I opened my eyes from the bed, "Ten thirty,"

"How about around noon or so? I could have him call you."
"Yeah." I gripped sheets, spasms swirling out of groin and
mind, lungs clamping to calm my speech. "So, how have you
been?"

"OK, I guess Nothing new. How about you?" "Wonderful, I'm feeling absolutely wonderful," Daniel snickered and snorted, blasting eruptions clear across my beady hide. I lunged, and fortunately Brian's friend disconnected, Brian having just stepped out of his room. Neither of them were there to wonder at the heavy breathing on my end of the AV, and I managed to avoid gasping when Brian reopened his end and started talking about his latest adventure. I ruptured like mud, oozed into Daniel's thick heat, and teased Bran about being a slut I wanted to expose our antics, out Daniel would have hit me. I could love him for life. Just so

we keep on our toes with each other and dodge the ruts.
"You sure are quiet when you're on AV." Daniel poked "Hoho, what do you expect?"

"You're so cute when you're twitching all over." Love, love, love, how I hate the bastardization of that word.

I came to Daniel in my new look, my bone refusing to calm behind the black leather chaps and jacket. It made Daniel nervous, but then I started laughing at myself and wrestled playfully with him, telling him how much I love costumes. He relaxed a little, but is still awkward next to a costume that

"Why do you show me these things?"

Last night I wanted to see Igor, so Bob and I ate with him. smoking too much lace and listening to Monteverdi's Orfeo until, feeling very leathery, I dropped my pants. Igor reluctantly invited me to stay overnight, but he was too tired for sex, so I pulled my pants back up and stiffened as a fool. I

should never have asked anyway. Bob and I were supposed to meet Daniel after classes, and Bob is here to see me, so I sco ded myself for has ng rude impulses and left, after need lessly assuring Igor I still want to sleep with him, with or without sex. We'll be going to Manambolo River tomorrow

Then Bob and I found a note from Daniel on my door. He was fury-colored because we hadn't been there, so I raced to call him. Even though we had intended to be back earlier, I agreed | should have left a note, peeved nevertheless because Daniel was biting on me like a wife. He assumed my failure to leave a note was negligence rather than misfortune, then began dressing me in guilt he had to stand in the cold for a half nour, I never consider him, I never leave notes for people I'm supposed to meet later, I irritate him in a multitude of ways he never mentioned before, on and on into hyperdrive, Add Bob's chronic depression and my mood was clawing to escape so many pits when all it had to do was stand up and step out. Who ever heard of being depressed in New San Fran-

Then I discovered the mouse dead in my new mousetrap. I didn't want to kill it, but the shit and chewed bags were becoming intolerable and since I had no way to consult with the do? I released the broken spine into the garbage

Daniel found the wound on my throat, and I had to tell him about being strung up by a black leather collar and about how it had pinched me there and rubbed a string of blisters. He grimaced and whined, "Why do you need all this?"

I don't need it. I like it."

Degrading yourself. "Degradation is what you make of it. It's only a fantasy." "But you're making it a reality.

"I'm experiencing it, not making it a reality."
"Oh, there's a difference"

"Yes, there is, If it was real, it would have been without my consent. I wouldn't have walked away free and feeling glorious. I wouldn't have had a choice, and I wouldn't have

But it's so degrading." "In your eye. You look at it as degrading. I look at it as

crotic Daniel said no more, which is not to say I am fooled into thinking his mind is as quiet as his mouth.

Daniel's AV buzzed, and thinking it was Nancy, he answered it with obscene breathing. It was his new therapist. We fell back laughing and lay beside the heaving spume yellow lips digging into the beach with their frenzy of crystal claws breaking, flats of glitter racing back into the giant hills unwinding erupting wings and shoving them over boulders into the sand. My body emptyd Jark and hollow under the the wind, gravel pouring, liquid explosions flashing up the

and licked sinking into his groin. Dan c moved away and sad he could no onger deal with my leather. I emptied like a ghost town.

Daniel will settle for even less of a relationship, Daniel sibility I was a machine after all, never hearing the outside, never compromising, incapable of any concern for others.

I wondered if I had been as insensitive to Daniel as I criticize

I twisted free In saying I've been insensitive to his needs, Daniel is belittling the intensity of my needs. He's also under-estimating how much I love him, not that it's all his fault. I no more communicated the degree to which I have refrained from asking him to tie me up than he communicated the dehim too far, he out of the ridiculous assumption that being my wants his wants. To be in love is not to sacrifice yourself Unless it's suicidal. Foolish? Erotic. What do I know?

Baggy rags muttered furiously behind a veteran cigarette, the man pacing amlessly, derailled and cursing whoever he snagged on his stubbled squint. Denims and bodyrubbers softly drifted from him, knowing he would be knifing anyone within an hour or so. The polyethers only heard he was talking God and nodded approval while waiting for the next

I was walking for the corporation when something smacked

behind me, I turned and looked at the crumpled suicide had been its last, and started crying, not for the corpse, but because the dilemma of what to do had catalyzed my own frustration inside such an obstinate hell,

Last night I dreamed the sky was raining bodies every plunk a little crunch, like mousetraps snapping in the night.

As soon as I covered his eyes, he wanted the toilet He thought I would untie him, but I refused to do it and kept him blindfolded as I led him to the bowl.

himself as best he could with his hands tied in front. I squatted then tugged on the rope leading to his wrists, "You better do

as I say, boy. The less I like you, the less you are going to

Afready he was whimpering, afraid of what I might do to I forced indifference, then feigned anger. "What are you

"Please let me go. Sir."

I let his mind squirm at my silence. His muscles tensed, "What're you afraid of? You knew what you were walking into. Don't you trust me, boy?"

"Not particularly, 5'r" I laughed. "Fool. I've gotten you this far, We aren't stop-

ping now." He pleaded for his freedom, I hogtied him anyway and sucked sperm out of him. He was unrealistic, so beautiful in rope, his muscles bulging, jaws tightening. It consoled him little to be told so.

I released him, as disappointed as he was disgrantled It these men are going to busber at the first touch of rope, I wish they would stop telling me they want it rough.

I can scream, I can howl, I can coo, It's only my throat, I can rough you up, I can touch most delicately. It's only contack I can be lock. I can be leather, I can be business, mountain, farm, varsity, or lady. It's only attitudes. I can kiss. I can fuck. It's only erotic. I can love, hate, hit, hug, greet the weird and meet the enemy. It's only interaction. It's life It's called optimum adaptability. It's called a happy survival, It's called ity does persist a singular quality that does not compromise or lose track of itself, and that quality is me,

I'm not afraid to dance.

It was 12.10 and I almost bit my sandwich when Daniel called from the pots. We coved and hooted, whispering through the AV until a strange sensation turned my eyes to the unravelling of my jeans, denim opening fibers and my

bone busting out, growing in the shower of his sweet nothings at my metal ear I tried to keep my bone hidden under the word processor - another worker was still in the room but Daniel emboldened my bone to sprout into full view, its skin breaking open and peeling away as several bones grew out of the one. They rose until each tore its skin and released an even greater multitude of bones, all towering out of my groin a pair of buds From each bud erupted a multitude of hands, a multitude of hands stroking a multitude of bones, all attached to me and fanatically liggling until my squirms were lossing in the blast of a thousand orgasm volcanoes rupturing my happy flesh. The janitor came in and swept my remains into a canister, then mailed it to Daniel who spent three hundred and sixty-four years gluing dust to dust until I was whole again. Tonight we are celebrating our reunion.

I was sitting under a paper tree, cozy in my tights and sweat jacket, writing lines of poetry and sketching the dance that would mobilize them, when this sceman came screaming up to me, raying at my costume and brandishing a blade, words issuing from his mouth like bullets.

"Pussyboy! Weirdo! Pervert! Snot pussy!" I picked up my frequencer from beside me and frequenced his eyes to dust. "One step further and I'll powder your

legs "Pussyboy! Weirdo! Pervert! Snot pussy!" he shouted

again
"Mmmmmm mmm, love that snot."

He charged and I powdered his head so he dropped and moke into a clutter of chips and tubes ake fungus feeding. I was sitting on a hill of grass and whistling in the open

ar reading clouds and could no my less in tights, wigging thes n the cling of socks, and smilling to bathe in such sensation

tumor hanging off my paper tree, the pops sneezing threats and vomit down upon my head, "Bust your brains, baby bags? Better prove ya ain't vagrant, pussyboy powdered the balloon, soldered it solid so it clunked to

the ground and pinned the pops against some clover.
"Pussyboy! Snot' Criminal!"

I sat on their faces, one by one, and suffocated their bark-

I was soft in the universal calm of little massacres hiding in every bush. I was shepherd to the vast mystery of such a mindless activity as nature with its multitude of minds, packets of consciousness unconscious of so much, when a lead balloon came rumbling into view, cracking lightning off the clouds and stoning me with bibles

"I love you." beamed the lady in white as she scattered lead pamphlets on the sickness of homosexuality. you," she said, opening her arms to invite me into her acid

"You are holding onto lies in the face of reality," I said, picking up my bruises

The lady in white crystallized and dripped. "Why are you crying?" I asked her.

"Because I am unhappy." She gripped the air around her.
"Because . . . I am unhappy." Squeezing.
"Why are you unhappy?"

"Seek and you shall find the answer within you." "Sinner! Child molester! Evil incarnate!" Her lead balloon

bosmed, splitting acriss a distant space, stripping the ady out splintered planks. I eyed the wheel I would be bound to and proken on, then hugged my executioner with all my remaining love for the doing of it.

He shoved me down and stretched me across cracked spokes, tied me tight and smashed my bones, leg and arm, before poling the wheel and swinging me whimpering high above the ground into the endless flounder of waiting. I looked down nto the mob and asked, "Anyone got the time?

I raced home, planning to rape Daniel before dinner col-

lapsed us from a day's exhaustion. I burst into my pod and there he was, Daniel at the end of the hallway and naked except for my black leather chaps. My startle dropped books and smiled, bone straining denim, body flushing heats at such a signal from my man. It was me wearing jock for him, and I grabbed him and licked his naked body until he was laughing under newfound tickles. Give me a body and I will find tickles it never knew existed. Howl, His bone reared brontosaurian, thunder lizard, twitching side to side as if a pendulum time piece. I sat on it and breathed frantic in the cloud of his and was nothing more solid than crazed eyefuls of his body pumping mine, our thicksocks playing, our beards brushing kisses, our back streaming sweaty. Breathing escaped and raged shaking, gasping and blowing and exploding.

I felt his thunder splashing inside me, my hole hugging his rippling bone, my blast rupturing and spilling sperm across my face and throat, his chest and arms, The door buzzed again

"Maybe we should answer it."

I heard Daniel say it, but there were no nerves to my mouth. There were no nerves to my body. I lay disconnected and energiless, but somehow agreed when the door buzzed several times more before Daniel managed to work his bone out if me it had planged so deep, awated so dinosaurian Daniel ran out of my field of perception, then returned to stand me and guide my daze into the bathroom. Cold b ue hallway's. Noises. Daniel justifying his don of back leather chaps to a stranger who was an old friend of mine from Cape. had to wait while I whipped my body back together and collected the unravellings of my head. I finally stood on my own accord, put on a bodyrubber and presented myse f to Mickey for a night of calzon, and wire partying in the beauty of downtown New San Francisco made even more giorious by Daniel having signalled I was still important to him, even with timed it more perfectly.

There are pyramids above the white veins of dusk and a their spin is the gillature tion, us consumed and stricking energies into the blast of consciousness recognizing itself the terror of that first sense. I am. Steeds bursting out of their corral into a comet of motors rushing people to their sous,

in the totems of our beginning, we were terrified to be and cling to our origin. Our spirits began among the animas, wellsprings of a biological genius who worshipped what it destroyed – the passions of living. Suddenly al. the world was a zoo of spirits - the more the cages, the fewer the forests until all was city and the only herd was a face 'n search of a until all was city and the city fleto was a rate in secret or a mirror. Narricusts looking into a pote but secong only the sky. "That's where my face must be. Up there." Narrissus frowning at his invisibility. "Until I am dead." But there is no genius without a trick, and we glued our reflections to the

Burying questions where no answers could be found,

The weather was umbrellas cursing the mood hungry and all about us we could hear axes whispering. We I stened to the ping down far into the darkening flats of a marshy shore, I scanned the pedestrian crowds, watched people walking their strained leashes to meet, people exploding at every contact the way they usually do, except this time the explosions

were warmer because the sky was more threatening I watched people explode chatting, then watched their many ways of picking up the pieces once the acquaintance had

Sometimes I feel as if I am not of this Earth and fear I am

THE NAME SAYS IT ALL.

AVAILABLE NOW

BEND CHECK OR MONEY DROER TO 3 BOTTLES \$20 + 1.50 HANDLING



WEST HOLLYWOOD

I put my face into the breeze and smiled at the brush of hair and feathers across my ear, little bones clattering and fingering my right lo'n toying with the skins between my legs as I squatted in the sand with my octopus and breathed a strange air. The sky was copper again and the horizon a brilliant hole tattered with the sun broken up inside it by various ink I was singing the hoot of the hunt to the discourse of bones, waves rustling, when I remembered something and

The woman said, "You remind me a lot of St. Francis, except you've matured into Machiavelli." She talked of her best friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the good limes they have together, as well as all the other heads of state she knows, she knows so many. She wanted me to meet Franklin because he would be delighted by me and I could get some advice from him "he's so skilled at politics." Her voice was not a cackle, but a soft confidence relaxed in a world everyone else snickered at because her reality was not in their space and she wanted to talk. My curiosity listened. My spirit humored her from a distance, but warmed to her innocent insanity. She was the lacy queen who no longer had any subjects, and her realm was annoying too many because it was indifferent to the indifference it floated through. I should have given her the money so she could pretend to call a friend.

Igor, ruby that he is, asked if she was violent, her personal reality secondary. An iceman would have asked, "Why don't they put her

We put too much pride in our gods, too much pride in our nations, too much in our parents when we have no pride in oursleves as individuals standing in our own light instead of

I was feeling lower than I've felt in years, so angry and bent by anything and everything that not even Daniel could shake a smile out of nie so my Master dragged me into the steamy bowels of the stinkiest pot in town, the Slit. It was a night in red. He locked my head and hands in the stocks at the foot of the bed, and he frazzled my elephants with the cationine talls. He mummified me tighter than he ever will again and tied me down as the ace bandages began squeezing in even tighter, instant discomfort, quick pain, my head blasting in the thickly puffed air and then inside the thick swaddle of more bandages keeping a lot of dirty thick socks stuffed inside my mouth. Then my Master opened the door to our room and shouted so even I heard him through the bandages.
"Free for all!" he shouted, and left me to the whim of any

and every man in the pot. Hand after hand grabbed me, mouths swallowing and working my exposed bone into spilling and spling again, over and over until I was screaming and bucking despite how it hurt, protesting the blast of sensations exaggerated out of control, each new spill crashing down on me as if great architectures imploding. Somewhere in my rage. the images were there, great stone buildings cracking and collapsing in on me

But best of all was when my Master hung me upside down, love feeling my legs stretched taut by the weight of my own body. I love leaving the ground. He left me hanging alone with the pain as it gradually overwhelmed me. My feet vaporized into that familiar stinging cloud. My sinuses filled, head fattening. I writhed and screamed and roared, trying to free my hands bound tightly behind my back. I was naked then, and delirious in the slick of sweat dripping off my body, I was gagged and my head still wrapped, but that did not keep my roars from drawing even more men to the free-for all,

My Master's voice came into my ear through many layers, telling me I was making too much noise, but I could not keep quiet. The pain grew too quickly and I needed to strugg e, I needed to scream and shout, so he shoved his bone down my throat and forced me to suck and work it until he spled great wads and I had to gulp it down. Not easy when you're hanging by your feet.

I thought he would release me then, but he left me hanging there with pain going farther than 1 had ever gone before. Once again I writhed and shouted without thinking. Then suddenly in so much sweat, my body, every muscle seemed a lubricant. I could feel the tensions leaving me and remember especially how good my elephants felt. Suddenly I was on the other side. I had passed through pain into that realm where everything shines and all of me was feeling fantastic

My Master dropped me. Hypersensitivities shot through my legs, jabbing and blasting. My breathing lost control and I chewed teeth against an agony far worse than anything I had felt while hanging upside down. My breathing opened fast and furious, forcing air through dirty socks and bandages, then

clamped shut, squeezing against the flurry of shrinking pains until breathing fast and furious again.

A swarm of arms grabbed and hugged me, stroking my entire body. Surprised, I tried to signal I was all right, that I was only blowing locomotive to air the smart of it, but their hugging and stroking felt too good, and as always happens hugging and stroking felt too good, and as anways nappens when affect for starts southing I province brail at Jr., began crying. I doubt anyone noticed, It was a soft cry buried deep inside several layers of bandages. They tried to remove the wrappings, but shook my head in protest. I wanted the gag and bandages, so they let me keep them

I was too exhausted to stay awake, so my Master re-eased me I curled and sighed feeling much better than I had beforenering the Slit. My Master laughed to hear me say so and

ordered me to roll bandages and pack the ropes.

When I got home, Daniel was asleep, and I too awake, partly because I had to deal with that twisted uneas ness that comes from previously overturned intestines trying to shift

On the way to the shower, I caught myself in the mirror surprised by how flat and muscled my belly was. Overturned intestines weren't the only reason my stomach was sore, Writhing for several hours had more than compensated for not doing my exercises. I wanted Daniel to see it.

Even after a shower, I could not sleep, so I watched Dune He's cute when he's asleep. He scratches and snorts, twitching this way and that before curling into my crotch at the slightest caress. I wrapped my arms around him and let the heat of his elephants gradually relax my belly. I also worried, not knowdefinitely worked out the tensions, and the moods as well but there still is no clear answer why. I suppose it doesn't

Sometimes I let the world bite on me too much. I have to watch myself when I start looking at it too closely, he more careful to vacation from the ugliness of its pressures and keep myself happy. I've also been letting my financial trap overwhelm me, and maybe I'm pushing myself too hard to finish the thesis. But I have to push on that. I have to finish it before the world closes again

For a while last night I worried about the possibility that Daniel was part of my depression, thinking maybe I was not handling our living together as well as I thought. I have not really been alone for so long, but today that all seems too gloomy, and I keep zooming at the sight of him. Daniel, the

At one point my Master became concerned that he might have whipped me too hard. He has expressed this concern more than once, and it always surprises me. I must be impervious to whipping. I never seem to have gotten too much, Sometimes I even wish he would go further, but the risk of bruises is too great, and it's not worth losing Daniel.

I saddled next to Daniel and clicked cheeks. "Hey, short

pale and ugly, how's licks?"

His frazzled gon and cocked curly brows snorted and punched me in the leather. "What you mean 'short pale and ugly'?

'Tail dark and handsome," I hissed, slinking snoot. "What you mean 'short pale and ugly"?

"Tall dark and handsome," I purred, rubbing eye to eye between the heat of our groceries. 'What you mean 'short pale and ugly'?" he clopped, puck

ng s oppy and a whole lotta other things shining cocky Tall," I snatlled my tongue into his ear. "Dark,"

some I'm talking about my man, I'm talking fever," We chomped soul, clapped rumps, gave each other the kiss of a thousand tentacles, and did a whole lotta other things in the yap-

First I tied a separate rope around each of his ankles so he would forget they were there by the time I planned to use them Then I tied his feet together with another rope, bound his legs tight and mean so he automatically complained, and

I held a puffer-soaked rag to the nose holes of his hood and began torturing his body as it mouned and writhed. Only his toes and a few rippling muscles indicated the extent to which he struggled, he was tied so tight, so deliciously immobile as I dripped hot wax on him in calculated patterns, the first drop firing a set of sensors in his skin, the next drop firing another set of sensors so close to the first that they fired each other in a sort of richochetting effect, the third drop on until one drop of wax erupted broad sheets of searing three more orgasms in him

By the time I spilled the second one, I knew his legs would be screaming, so quickly I untied them and before they had a chance to kick, I pulled the ropes at his ankles and snapped them into an automatic spread. He shouted and gasped, his legs not wanting to be touched in any way, vividly asleep, stinging bloodless and frantic to spasm and kick because his blood was returning. He was so surprised he was terrified His bone shrive-led into a peanut so fast I blinked, laughed and sank my boot into his crotch, digging the heel into his bags

I untied his arms and spread them between two other posts so he was whimpering, wondering if he really wanted me to be the one to find his limits. With hot wax, I covered areas of his body I hadn't reached before, dripping until he

Disgruntled, he dared contempt. "How do you stop the

"You don't. It can only run out of wax " I splashed hot or across him for the surprise of surprises. He raged. I slapped

him down and barked, "Deal with it!" He shrank into the floor, worrying.

At this point I figured it was time to kiss and make up, so l licked his bags and thighs until he was feeling good and reconsidering his reconsiderations. His confusion deserved an t ps of his toes, using a needle to set sensors against sensors, stings building stings and convincing him his feet were being destroyed s owly and tediously when in truth no damage was being done. Tickling him with a feather everywhere from feet to inside his nose and ears, I had him in a laughing sobbing rage climaxing his laughter with the dreaded return of hot our bodies had my own bone busting to spill, I worked his for bulging, working, teeth gnashing as his spine locked into a high arch, toes clenched and fingers tautly spread. He was solid as a rock, his bone huge but unable to spill or collapse, forever hardening in a frozen climax. Tears streamed from his closed eyes as he silent y begged me to stop touching his bone, stop creating so many sensations, stop leaving his muscles no way to relax. The rest was routine

To behave in a civilized manner is to balm a chronic anxiety with accumulating novelties. All of human progress has been a succession of anxieties, each resolving itself with a novelty only to generate another anxiety. In the face of starvation, the earliest humans resorted to hunting. In the face of beasts who were not as willing to be eaten as fruits and grubs, humans resorted to weapons and, most importantly, language lowed people to coordinate the hunt more effectively. It also able - their imagination, their nightmares, their innermost feelings. This heightened people's awareness both of others and of themselves, generating a hypersensitivity with a potenpotential for brutality and delusion.

The same language that enhanced people's capacity to unite through a common belief simultaneously enhanced their capacity to alienate through a common misunderstanding sometimes within the group, but especially between people with different vernaculars. Language sharpened group boundaries, familiarity led to alliances, and strangers were magni-

Hun an passions intensified super fears imagined the supernatural and super anger generated a sensation of unprecedented power As the anxieties of a hypertrophic consciousness intensified, power became an addiction. The invention of status symbols standardized its distribution and display, generating a conventionalized sadomasochism, power games competing with a brutality humans were not accus-tomed to. In the face of a brutal death, people had a fantasy and changed the supernatural into supreme beings who could change the way of things The invention of gods was standand ze, no religion and disciplinar an technology girlifying humiliation (sometimes disguised as humility) and reinforcing

In the lust for power and glory, human society ruptured financement neurosis clinging re grously to the ignorance of childhood in the face of enlightenment, The anxiety of enlightenment arises from its inevitable devastation of previous mythologies and its disruption of power structures for the sake of political rearrangement. The mechanical inventions of that enlightenment (and the instrumental technology they create) only temporarily pacifies the social panic until a power structure is reestablished and new myths devised, our machines forever in competition with our

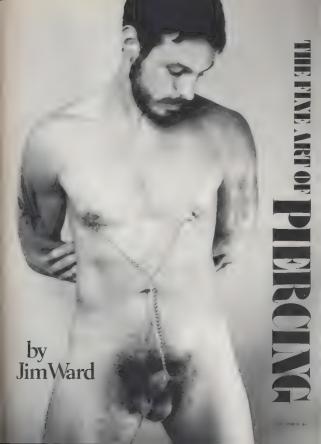
"You must be incredibly understanding," he said when I finally let him go. I was almost embarrassed - flattered, then uncertain. Did he say it out of gratitude or amazement Maybe I was so intense that he couldn't believe I had the con trol to free him. I took him past two of his limits. That alone would have amazed him. He'll be thinking about it for a few he didn't enjoy it. Right now he's either in awe or he still calls, wanting to try again, don't until you're already satiated

I had too much energy and delivered too much too fast. The astronomy professor would have loved it. This man couldn't even handle being blindfolded, and that should have clued me right away. It did, but I had too much energy to let him go and he too little to deal with getting more than he wanted. You don't break limits by doing only what you

want to do.

Daniel and I watched each other through our wine glasses, firelight in our eyes and nostalgia smoking lace, both of us smilling to think how much we have matured in the past year. "Silly slut,

"Witty witch," We laughed and Daniel grabbed the lube. He still doesn't understand why I gave him a pile of sticks for our anniversary, but he will once he reads this.



The subject of piercing, particularly body and genital piercing, is enough to make a lot of guys (even some tough and butch ones) squeamish. The main reason for this is that so many of us know so little about it, and the examples we have seen have often been so extreme that few of us have stopped to think that a piercing could offer us anything personally or that it just might be able to make our sex lives a hell of a lot more exciting Let's face it, hanging around by your pierced pecs like A Man Called Horse isn't the average guy's idea of fun. A good J.O. fantasy perhaps, but most of us aren't ready for that particular reality And just how many tricks do you think you'd pick up at the local leather bar if you showed up with a tusk in your nose or holes in your ears the size of mag wheels? Mutilation just isn't where it's at for the majority of "civilized" men, and few of us are ready to join a freak

In ancient and primitive societies, piercings were done for a lot of reasons: As body adornment, as a ritual, a rite of passage, a means of ensuring chastity, even as a place to keep your valuables when there's no such thing as a safety deposit box. Many of these reasons are still relevant in our present age and society, but one common reason, and for us the prime motivation and value, is pure sexual pleasure. And as this pleasure factor is multifaceted, it can arouse us in many different ways on one or more of several levels.

FETISH As every Drummer reader must know, fetish is something not necessarily erotic in and of itself, that sexually excites somebody. It is usually something one grows up with and not something one acquires a taste for. While there are any number of people who have a fetish for piercings, it isn't necessary to be a fetIshist to enjoy what a piercing can do for you. Regardless of whether you're a fetishist or not, piercings can be a definite turn-on in a variety of ways. I'll discuss these shortly. The point I wish to make here is that frequently the erotic stimulus of many fetishes takes place within the mind, arousing on a psychological level. But that is only one of the facets of pierc-

ing. STIMULATION

The number one reason for permanent percing is to provide greater sensation during sex. I'm not talking about the pleasure of the pain involved in getting pierced which some guys get off on. I'll talk about that later. What I am talking about is the heightened sensitivity and sensation most pierced individuals experience once their piercings have healed. There are certain spots on the body where the installation of jewelry greatly enhances erotic feeling on a very physical level, not just in the mind. That little piece of metal implanted in sensitive flesh can create indescribable sensations of pure ecstacy which can take the sex act into a higher octave. That is the A-1 "pay-off" of piercings.

Here are the piercings I personally consider the most worthwhile having from the pleasure standpoint

1) Nipples, which need no explanation. For lots of guys who are willing to allow themselves the pleasure, tit play can be as much fun as cock or ass play. Many fellows with insensitive nipples have discovered a dramatic increase in

sensation after having them pierced.

2) The Prince Albert, named after Queen Victoria's husband who sup-posedly had one. The ring in this piercing goes into the urethra and comes out the underside of the penis just behind the head. It is probably the most enjoyable of all the cock piercines. Not only does it increase feeling where the ring goes through, but the movement of the ring inside the urethra, can create tremendous

3) The frenum piercing is through the loose flesh on the underside of the penis shaft, also just behind the head. Frequently done in the wrong place, it should go about a quarter to half an inch back from the Prince Albert. For maximum enjoyment of this piercing a ring or other suitable device is worn which is large enough to encircle the head snuggly when the penis is erect. It functions something like a built-in cock ring.

4) The guiche, a piercing through the "tain't (tain't balls and tain't ass), the ridge of skin between the legs at roughly the spot where the inseam of a pair of pants would be. Very pleasureable, especially for those who are already sensitive in that particular location

The pain of having these piercings done (assuming the piercer knows what he is doing) is reasonably mild and tolerable, and for me at least, preferable to going to the dentist or having one of those massive penicillin shots in the ass.

more painful to have done, and the latter two take considerable time to heal

5) Eyodes, usually done in pairs, one on each side of the head through the glans. They were said to have been invented by a Jew who wanted to replace the sensitivity which was lost through circumcision They do work.

6) The ampallang, a plercing right through the penis head from side to side. Originally devised for straight sex to give the lady a special thrill, this piercing can also do a number on a hot asshole.

7) The apadrayva is the vertical counterpart of the ampallang, something ike a built-in "French tickler," unless you happen to like yours Greek.

Most of us who have piercings would agree that the pleasure they provide us is nothing short of fantastic, and many of those sex partners who have had the opportunity of experiencing them in action would concur. The feeling of being fucked by a pierced prick is an experience one should long remember.

A word of advice. Should you decide to have a piercing, think twice before you have it done in a scene, hot as the dea may be. One or both partners is likely to be blitzed; lighting is usually inade quate; the presence of dirty Crisco, plus sweat, spit, piss, cum, and whatever else turns you on, makes contamination of the piercing all too easy. Don't risk it! Get yourself a professional piercer who knows what he is doing, and enjoy your piercings after they have healed. BONDAGE

For the B&D enthusiast, permanent piercings open up a whole new vista They make possible some of the most exciting forms of bondage imaginable











small chain, or a piece of cord attached to a slave's rings can immobilize him just as effectively, if not more so, as the heaviest of ropes or chains. A fittle using is all it takes to keep the unruly in line Various piecering can be joined or tild together to achieve a variety of effects and especially continued to the continued to achieve a sand especial continued.

and sensations. Should your slave be fortunate enough to have a foreskin, you can indulge ma particularly retensiting form of bondage called infibulation. This particular orac tied dates from ancient times, I wo pierce with the contract side. After they have headen the wo piercings are locked together making it difficult or impossible to retract the foreskin. As a result this tends to discourage your slave from having sex except when you choose to unlock him.

PAIN AS PLEASURE Personally I get the greatest enjoyment out of my well-healed permanent piercings. However, I know a lot of guys who get off on the sensation of getting pierced If you're into pretty heavy S&M then temporary piercing for the pain of it may be just the thing for you. The pain can run the gamut from mild to excruciating depending upon the size and sharpness of the needles used and the particular area of the body chosen for insertion. Fine hypodermic needles are great for these trips if one has access to them, but most of us don't. A good al-ternative is glover's needles. These have a very sharp cutting point intended for sewing leather. You can imagine how they go through skin. Try a store that sells sewing notions or supplies for

A few words of caution

1) Be absolutely certain your needles and your hands are clean. It doesn't hurt to cleanse the area you plan on precring by swabbing it with Betadine solution, an iodine solution you can get at your local pharmacy. Soak your needles in it prior to using them.

needles in it prior to using them.

2) Absolutely NEVER use the same needle on more than one person and never place a used needle in your dysh of antiseptic solution. This is how Hepatitis can be sterillized for reuse, the average person doesn't have the means to do it. Use your needles on only one person and then throw them away.

3) Stick to piercing through skin only. If your M is really into pain and ready to have pins stuck in his dick, insert them only under the skin or at most into the head of the cock, It is damegrous to pierce the penis shaft, Likewise piercing of the scrotum can be done without serious problems, however, even though I have seen it done, it is definitely unwrise to pierce the testicle; be then spikes.

unwise to pierce the testicies, themselves, the tempt to do permanent pricings in the context of a scene, Have those piercings in the context of a scene, Have those piercings done by a professional piercer who knows what he is doing, otherwise it is context of a scene, Have the context of t

DRUMMER 38



DRUMMER'S RESORTS



French Quarter 708 Rue des Ursulines New Orleans, La. 70116 (504) 525-8509

Jeff Finss







WRITE OR CALL FOR RESERVATIONS PO BOX 455 CLEAR, AKE DAKS CA 95423 707-958-9931 OR 207-958-1415







STRAIGHT TO HEL

THE DANGEROUS COUNTRY

The truth is the biggest turn-on Knowing that it not only can but did happen We print true homosexual experiences. The proper study of homo sexuality is homosexuals.

We want the homosexuals who write about their experiences for us to do just write about their experiences and not copy any other publication, includ-

It does not matter what we or anyone else thinks about the experiences printed only what the participants think about them. The only kind of dirty ex perience happens when one of the participants is unwilling. Cops and "fae"

baiters have dirty verbal sex with unwilling homosexual partners The truth cannot be pornographic It has a purity of its own and a right to be told. In the long run of history it cannot usually be warped to suit the fancy

and fantasy of the majority. We do not attack anyone - we only counterattack those who attack us. We are innocent and can thus afford to use any truthful word, having no need to cover guilt. Those who are guilty, or feel guilty, cannot use our kind of words but must speak in terms like "at this point in time," "operative statement," basic evil in pretense and pomposity.

We have nothing to hide or be ashamed of. The truth favors homosexuals; that is why Playboy and the "straight press use fantasy instead. But we will move forward as long as it is possible in this dangerous country under the banner - Boyd McDonald

MY JOCKEY'S HUNG LIKE HIS HORSE Let's call this easy rider Bob. He has long since retired. He got too heavy,

They tell me he runs a steak house out near Santa Anita Race Track and is I lived for many years within a stone's

throw of Santa Anita Race Track. It was a Saturday afternoon haunt of mine, I loved to bet on the horses. I would handicap my picks before going to the track.

One night I went to a party in Holly wood. All the gayest people in town at tended. It ended up in an orgy, Of all people, I met Bob at this party. I didn't think he would be at such a party. Neibut he said he didn't feel above such orgies but the fellows were all swishes Bob and I left together and went to an eating place. He had to diet so he drank orange juice. He lived near the track so he drove me home. On the way he over and massaged it. Then I invited him to my place. Bob was little in stature but

For him it was a one-way deal. Gre edily I encompassed the huge plum-like head and really gorged myself, What a lot but there is a thrill about the first time you go down on a man. They are trying to show you what a load they have, guy that's giving the blow job is really working like mad. I knew I'd like it again many times so I wanted to satisfy him.

We finally had a complete party al though I merely terked off. Bob was then 28 and had to be the complete male That's ok by me, Here I had blown one of the leading jockeys at the track, I told him I spent Saturdays at the races, At first he couldn't believe a gay person would like anything like that. We devised a system. If he thought the horse he was on had the ghost of a chance, I'd go to the stable area to watch the boys mount their horses. He'd nod his head just barely. There was a rule against any signaling by the boys. Often he'd call me on Friday night and give me the rundown

SAILOR IN HEAT

At the baths in Philadelphia, this one guy stood up against the wall for one fuck, two, three, I was number 4. My cock slid in part way and I felt a hand on my balls from back behind, I turned around and there was a guy lying on a cot, naked, sporting a 9-inch hard on. and wearing a sailor cap

"You guys don't know how to fuck. the sailor said. "You're supposed to ram your cock in like a man." He kept talking about what a big man he was and how he only fucked ass because his girl was in Dayton for a week I really had me a good fuck and then

watched the sailor fuck the guy. "You fucking queer," he'd say, "you take all the cock you can get don't you? Want a real man to fuck you? Fuck you, bitch, He kept yelling about all those cock-Now the next thing really happened

no shit. After the sailor shot his wad he his asshole from all the guys who'd fucked him. Sailorboy started licking the cum off the guy's legs and before I knew it he was right in there eating the guy's asshole - rimming, sucking, licking swallowing and moaning. He really due sucking assholes. He sucked that ass longer than he had fucked and had nothing to say now about queers and cock suckers. At least 5 guys stood around watching and acking off, I was one of them. I even got my finger up the sailor's asshole a little and he never noticed for

The big "straight" tough sailor finished getting all the cum he could and then turned the guy around and kissed him gently, Really kissed him like a buddy and stroked his balls and stiff I'd seen enough and wanted more

action so I left This is true.

"STRAIGHT" DEFINED

In case anyone doesn't know exactly what "straight" means, recent American history has given some definitions

Among cops a cop who is "on the take" or at least can be trusted not to report his buddies who are - that is, a crooked cop - is "straight."

When America is at war, and when it isn't, the war crowd is "straight" and those who consider it unmanly to bomb nospitals and orphanages are called "faggots" by he-men like the hard hats. Charles Colson, a lawyer and the hood est of Nixon's hoods, was recom-

mending a guy to carry out one of the White House's crimes. Colson called him "straight."

RHAPSODY IN BROWN

NEW YORK CITY A few years ago, while browsing around the library in downtown San Diego, I had to take a 25 came out of one of the hooths stood at the urinal looking at him out of hands. He d dn't once look at me. He was "straight" and married and in any case with him.

As soon as he left I darted into the booth he'd vacated, hoping there might be a lingering smell of his shit and even a seat still warm from his sturdy young ass. I found not only the smell but the shit itself He'd forgotten to flush. And howl. It apparently had been a fairly dry, constipated shit, for all were fat stiff, and ruggedly textured. The real prize was a great feast of turd a nine-

man's wrist I kne t before the bowl, inhaling the rich brown fragrance and wondering if I should obey the impulse building up inside me, I'd always been a heavy rimmer and had lapped up more than one fronted with the most beautiful fivepound turd I'd ever clapped my eves on a sausage fit to star in any fantasy and one a knew to have been hatched from

Why not? I plucked it from the bowl. from breaking, I lifted it to my nose, It smelled like rich, ripe limburger (horrid, but thrilling), yet had the consistency of turning to shit without benefit of a di-

I gave it a lick and found that it tasted better than it smelled I've found

I hesitated no longer. I shoved the could get it and sucked on it like a big man, I wanted to completely engulf it and bit off a large chunk, flooding my mouth with the intense, bittersweet the water in the bowl had chilled the outside of the turd, it was still warm inside. As I chewed I discovered that it Was filled with sittle bits of something which I soon identified as undigested peanuts. He hadn't chewed them carefully and they'd passed through his body virtually unchanged, I ate it greedily scratchily down my throat. My only regret was that the donor of this feast wasn't there to wash it down with his

I soon reached a terrific climax. I caught my cum in the cupped palm of my hand and drank t down Bries: me there is no more delightful combination

I was sorry that I hadn't made it last longer. But then I realized that I still had them into my handkerchief and stashed them in my briefcase, in the weeks to the shit without bolting it right down, Once eaten it's gone forever unless you simple boredom

I stored the turds in the refrigerator week they were all gone. The last one I ling at slowly dissolve. I had liquid shit hours. I must have had six orgasms in

I often think of that lovely young pink asshole every day, never knowing what a joy it could, and at least once did, bring to a grateful shit-eater.

HOMOSEXUALS ARE THE ONLY TRUE RADICALS

America is in the worst shape in its history not simply has led them more and more to associ-

He cited the craze for football and hockey; the respectability of the Mafia, above all the easy recruitment of troops to serve as fodder in Vietnam despite the fact that the only reason any of them could think of for going there was to terested in heterosexuality as in demon-

cops, truck drivers, sailors, hard hats, and other sex symbols have hard ons of American males who choose to ward off homosexuality by living a "straight" lifestyle do so mainly for social approval rather than sexual desire and any man who needs social approval ipso focto cannot look objectively at

Even the young longhaired peace love types, the commentator pointed out, are at pains to appear "straight," dressing. as they do, in cowboy and athletic groups as their fathers would as servants. Only women and homosexuals, he said, can see the society clearly

PISS-DRINKING

It was a cool night in August, I was at club was having a party so there were

the country there.

I sat down at the par next to the entrance to the men's room. A real handsome young stud in leather sat down next to me and introduced himself as Bill. We talked awhile as we sipped our In the John Bill unripped his pants and

took out a cut cock that was at least 9". He stood trying to piss but nothing would come out, so I said, "Here, Bill,

I got busy sucking on that hot, hard cock, and as I struggled to get al 9"
down my throat he began fucking my mouth. In about 10 minutes I had my mouth full of cock and warm sperm. He shot at least five mouthfuls of sperm into my thirsty throat as he held my

After swallowing all his sperm, I tried to get back off his cock but he would not and said, "Now, Cowboy cocksucker, I'm going to wash that down into you all the way with my hot piss and you better

know what's good for you. Then he let go a salty spurt of piss used to the new idea and taste of his salty pies. After I had swallowed his first let go full-blast a long stream of piss kept swallowing as he kept pissing into my mouth. When he was through he said, "Now, Cowboy, that wasn't so bad

I said, "No, not at all, and frankly, I wish you had more piss to give me." He said, "No, next you give me your piss." The next thing I knew Bill was kneeling in front of me taking out my it go, Cowboy, I'm ready,

As I was pissing down Bill's throat another guy tapped me on the shoulder and said, "I got some hot piss too, Cowboy

do you want to drink it? He got up and stood behind Bill and was pissing into Bill's mouth as he

I found out later that Bill and Rick

were ages 20 and 21 and lovers from Canada

That was my first experience with water sports and ever since I am always looking for cocks that have a load of piss

I will never get enough hot salty piss or cock, I will always be glad that I am

gay and a cocksucker and piss drinker Piss is better than hear or any other

Editor's note: It's all right to drink niss provided the pisser doesn't have a butney Infection. In fact piss keens shinwreshed sallors alive, where see water would bill

CLOSET QUEEN COP GETS HIS

NEW JERSEY Any of your truck hawks that used to suck ten cocks a night up at the Bruckner Traffic Circle around the Cross Roads Diner ought to be happy to know that that rotten con from the Barkiey Avenue Station did eventually get his lumps for his weird behavior towards the cocksuckers and truckers who used to stop for blow jobs before

This cop and two buddies were in a shakedown business. They often took guys in the car in the cemetery and made" them blow them, then took their

Mr. Weird was so vocal towards the truckers that his fag-baiting was more like trucker-baiting, Jealous, J suppose, He would curse them out and the things he said, according to one guy I talked

One night he was hiding in the bushes waiting for a victim and mistook a teenager getting out of a truck for a cocksucker finishing up work When the con pounced with his rotten language, calling the k'd a cocksucker and a queeer, and began his verbal attack on the trucker, the man saw red and battered the con into the pavement and drove off after

taking a piss on him, it turned out that

A small article in a small community paper in the Bronx reported it, policeman attacked by "gang," and so forth. The rotten bum had a chance to think things over with a wired jaw and a few teeth missing. I was really glad to hear what happened to him, I had tried to they aughed me out of the station house. I had his badge number and all, but you know the cops. I understand after his jaw healed he was transferred; the cops had had other complaints about him. But where can you send a cop more remote than Throggs Neck? Anyway, like so many other cops, he

"ALL MARINES SUCK." SAYS 'NAM VET

One of my most porious moments was when I was propositioned by this tall, rugged part Indian just out of the Marines and back from in this mixed Bar, we went to my apart-ment nearby. Both of us shed our clothes mmediately and embraced, What a beautiful Body and rock-hard Cock kissing each other, we hit the sack. From the 69, we then started rimming ass and this guy really knew how to do it. His In my hole, His round and firm ass was also delicious. After about a half hour of eating ass, we got back into the 69 position and shot our loads. We stayed in bed for another hour kissing and talking about sex. I asked him if he had much action in "Nam and he said "anytime I wanted it," I said I didn't think Marines would do it, and he replied, "All Marines suck." We got together 5 times after that

LOVE, YOUR MAGIC SPELL IS EVERYWHERE

The difference between homosexuals and those who are playing it "straight" can be seen in the different meanings they attach to a single word. In the homosexual world, "stonewall" is the name of the New York gay bar on Christopher Street where the customers fought back against a raid by the cops, it has besion. In the "straight" world, largely as a result of the Watergate hearings on TV uncover crime: to evade, to lie, to stall, to "stonewall."

SUBSCRIBER SAYS HIS FATHER "HAD," AS IT WERE TYRONE POWER

NEW MEXICO - I am 38 and gav My father is also gay and in his sixties. But when he was 18 and a student at Tyrone Power. One night my father looked over to the other bed & gave a startled gasp for Ty was totally bare & jerking off his long and very dark colored Dad went over, got on his knees & quickly swallowed that beautiful meat. Ty motioned Dad to get up on the narrow bed and soon they assumed the 69 position. This became a routine for two years. Then Ty was signed up by a flick where he was dressed in tight pants. My father will always remember

TURK SLAPS YOUTH'S FACE WITH HIS COCK

MANHATTAN - I was in Greece two months ago, on the Island of Crete. horny as hell from no sex in over a week On the way down the hall this guy's door was open & in the room sat a shirt less, muscular Turkish man. I just sort of gazed at him for a second. He motioned Aram and he was from Istanbul. He didn't know much English but that made no difference. He pulled out photos of naked women & said he loved for them to blow him & then he would fuck He kept looking at the photos & rubbing his bulging groin. I said, "Sorry there aren't any women around, but I bet you my ass will take care of your cock all right." The fucking bastard nearly jumped on me, Apparently he had been waiting for me to offer it to him. He took out his meat. It was big as hell. Uncut, very thick, big low balls. He slid that tool



deep in my throat & within 5 minutes he ish cum all over my mouth & throat. hardly noticed it. I was so involved with He got hard again. He fingered my ass as under the bed & greased my hot hole with it. I was fucking horny again, rolled over on my stomach and he slid that dick slowly up my tight asshole Very slowly, in & out, in & out, I baby, fuck me harder Give me all of it. I can't stand it slow anymore. I need a hard FUCK," Aram pumped my ass like touching myself Aram's dick pushed it of my asshole & grabbed my head & "Suck it up." He screamed loudly something in Turkish - as he empted

his second load all over my face, slapping fucking face with his big piece of meat.

Jesus Christ, the Lord answered my

DRUMSTICKS



"Afty is it that I always seem to attract all the wirrlos around this place"."



'This is what I call a FRENCH TICKLER!"



"Love to your place or mine"



ELBOW GREASE ELBOW GREASE ELBOW GREASE

ELBOW GREASE GREASE ELBOW ELBOW GREASE ELBOW GREASE GREASE ELBOW GREASE GREASE GREASE GREASE GREASE GREASE GREASE

GREASE

ELBOW GREASE

ELBOW GREASE



AT PROGRESSIVE-THINKING BOOKSTORES, BATHS AND BARS. DEALER INQUIRIES (213) 763-2920

Agristmas in the Dungeon

ÜÄE

GIVE IT OR GET IT.

Maie Hille Lestimachicage has created the first



gift for the magi

Shopping for the just-right gift during the rush of the holiday season is no joy. The crowds, the slush of melted snow, aging from overheated stores out to gaing from overheated stores out to choose to save for my relatives that rowe up with some of the damndest shit you ever saw. Ties and pajamas, neither of which I don't wear, books I have already which I don't wear, books I have already meters or after shave that would appear motions or after shave that would appear.

Not by a long sight.
So this Christma I decided I was going to plack out the just-right lem for this So this Christma I decided I was going to plack out the just-right lem for this leader to the long the leader to the long the l

lover or a houseboy or a slave. That's my opinion and I am stuck with it.

I hadn't been living alone all that long, but that is a different story. My place is comfortable with heavy leather furniture. a big fireplace, well-equipped, if untidy, kitchen and a bed that they talk about in whispers in the leather bars. Big six-by-six posters with a canopy of beams and hooks and rings. My house is a man's place and I needed another man to make it a home. I was getting tired of the trou-ble of one-night stands, and if they were in any position to criticise, of apologizing to them for the mess the place was in. I the overnight guest was the kind I regally bring home, I didn't give a shit what he thought or said. In fact, that was the type I was looking for when I went out shopping for my gift to myself this holiday season. A live-in slave. This time, I de-

I hit the bars and the selection sucked, pretty little things standing around posing, I even took a couple of them home autitude. And outlibrit about "limits" and autitude. And outlibrit about "limits" and "not being in to" this or that. One of the bastards I kicked out the front door limits and the selection of the bastards I kicked out the front door limits and the selection of the bastards I kicked out the front door limits and the bastards I kicked out the front door limits and the post of the selection of the selection of the selection of selection such selection selecti

cided, shopping would be fun

The gloryhole places weren't much better but at least you could see the sonsable of the place of

"This one shows some promise." In thought as I plut my boot on his oeds and balls and mashed them on the floor. I plessed all over him and made him drink the rest. I yanked him up by his somewhat wet hair and turned him around to face the wall. He bent over and got my cock up his ass. He moaned, but couldn't do much more than that because I had my hand in his mouth. Man, this hunk my hand in his mouth. Man, this hunk

was service and as a schole. He wanted to be was also an asshole. He wanted to make love, if there is anything that 1, and only 1, will decide is when I want to make only 2, will decide is when I want to make ment from you. He got a lot rougher treatment from which the sepecially after he comes on with the you specially after he comes on with the your specially after he



SANTAS NEW HELPER.

OUZ MACHO LILTEDDY ... CHAPS #A 49.50 OR CHOOSE # B INTORSO 6 HARNESS & JPCKSTRAP 39.50 GHIPPIN .: 350 LOOK TO US FOR ORIGINAL IDEAS! YOUR APOINT TOY STORE ... THAT HAS MORE!



When you cruise the Russian River,

GET OFF AT GUERNEVILLE STATION



and Screwing Pigs These double-take tees are 50% cotton

50% polyester SMLXL \$8.75 each Add \$2 postage and handling Cat forms residents add 6% sales tax **GUERNEVILLE STATION**

PO Box 65, Guernewood Park, California 95446 VISA MASTERCARD

SEND FOR THE CATALOGUE up with some of the greatest dungeon furniture I have ever seen. He used to be among other things, a welder and his ironwork is beyond description.

"Roger," I say, "I need a slave. What's available?"

I get about a fifteen minute discourse on the last piece of ass he had and what all he did to it. Then he tells me about a new rack he is building and what he is going to do on it. Finally he gets to the point, more or less.

"Wes Clausen told me about a guy he wants to trade me for some leathers that I've outgrown." Roger is a little old to be outgrowing anything. Probably meant that he was putting on a little weight, or he is working out hot and heavy on the

weights.
"Tell you what, I'll give Wes a call and

see what he has got to offer." Good old Wes, whoever he is, must have come up with something or someone because it was only a day or two when I heard from Roger-the-dodger again. Roger went through a song and dance about some "righteous" grass he had come across. Are they calling it 'righteous' again? He went through that discourse then gave me a rundown on his new rack, which was finished and had, on it at this very moment, Wes' former slave. I took it that the outgrown leathers fit Wes well enough to make the trade. "Yeah, hey, you said you were in-terested in taking on a new slave, didn't

Roger, you devil, you know damned well that was why I called you the other night. I said that I still thought I was and how was this guy as a piece of property? "Not bad," says Roger, warming up to the subject. "He has had some pretty good training. I polished him up a little today, of course, but with some proper treatment he could be a really good

"What's wrong with him?"
"Nothing, asshole, I just don't like all that hair so I shaved him a little is all. He hasn't been ringed or branded or anything yet, I haven't done anything to him that won't grow back."

'When do I see him, Roger, old pal?" "Come on over." A laugh. "He ain't going anywhere.

I was at Roger's door within the hour. I walked into a living room in worse condition than mine, down a hall covered with various impliments of tortures and centerfolds from Drummer. Into the darkest, blackest bedroom in the annals of modern history, God, I'd hate to wake up in the morning in this room. From the looks of it, some of those who have enjoyed its hospitality probably doubted whether or not they would wake up.

We went into an even blacker room. the only illumination in which was a couple of candles in red glasses and a small fire in a metal fireplace. As my eyes grew more accustomed to the disma ight, I saw a young man strapped to a heavy wood and metal apparatus that seemed to be freestanding. Walking over to the figure I examined the merchandise Roger had shaved him from head to foot His head, chest, crotch and whatever else was as smooth as the day he was born. The effect was that of a large muscular weinie.

His eyes were averted toward the floor, as a good slave's should. I took his large ball sac in my hand and squeezed He grimaced and said nothing, I twisted the sac and squeezed. He gasped, "What do you say when your master does that, boy?" I demanded.

Roger released the slave from the apparatus. He fell to his knees, head down on his thighs Good attitude, . had to admit Roger, like the saidsman he s began to point out the save's features n case I missed any of them

"Look at that ass, man, Not virght occurse, but still pretty tight." The guy raised his ass in case we wanted to spect it, "Look at them arms, He can do plenty of hard work. You got a piace for him to work out? "Yeah, A big back yard that needs

"Plenty of privacy for him to work naked and in chains, just like indoors?"

I thought of the thrill my neighbors would have at such a sight, "Sure "Hey, asshole, clean the man's boots while you're down there." The merchandise began slobber of

over my boots like his life depended on it. For his labor he got a crack across his non-virgin ass with a studded belt, comtesy of the used-slave salesman. He gave his efforts even more enthusiasm "You think you can use him?

Use him? Hell, this hundred and slxly pounds of muscle and subservience wa the answer to anybody's wildest fantasy. But Roger rambled on on the subject's background. It seems the guy was almost college graduate, ready to enter graduate sort, when he found an owner. After a semester of being chained up at night and not being allowed out of the house on cept for the half hour each way to and from school, he accepted the fact that this was the life he was cut out for. The owner used him as a mascot for a motor cycle club he belonged to, so his slave had enjoyed plenty of heavy and frequent workouts, each rougher than the last Finally the owner got drummed out of the club for some reason or another and the group kept the slave. He eventually became the property of the head of the group and it was from this owner and Roger obtained him. With use like thath was no wonder that the guy did anyth re he was told without question. Compared with what he had been through, what was happening to him now was a piece of cake

Roger gave me the arithmetic for the transfer of ownership and it was a burgain But for some reason I hesitated he whole discussion was held in front of the slave, naturally, it doesn't hurt to let him know what he is worth, And If the deal is turned down, it tells him he had better shape up for the next buyer,

I told Roger I would call him in a day or so, using the holidays as an excuse for procrastination. Hell, the holidays were the main reason I wanted the kid's at under my roof and in or under my bas However something made me hold bas and I gave the slave a medium punch of the belly as I walked out. I remembered

as I got home that I didn't even find out the kid's name, assuming he had one, But as I lay in bed thinking about the gay and the scene, I got hard as hell and had to beat off to get to sleep. As I shot I made a mental note to call Roger in the morning and take delivery of my Christmas present.

However the next day I did nothing of the sort. On the way home I stopped by the Greyhound bus station to pick up an express package from back home. After waiting even longer than usual to get waited on or find someone who had sense enough to find the package. I stormed out of the station and right smack into a young guy that was going in. He had a small back pack on, which he fell on when I knocked him over. To add to his predicament, I dropped the package on clear blue eyes that showed surprise astonishment and something else, couldn't quite make it out. He simply lay there with my package across his middle, not saying a word. I decided not

So he did. "I'm sorry, mister," still laving there like waiting for permission to get up.

"Get up," I said and he did that too, handing me my parcel. "I hope it isn't broken,Sir."

I felt the area on him that the package had landed, "I hope nothing is broken there either," although there was a rather large and growing lump as I held my hands on the area.

He neither backed away or pushed my hand back, just stood looking at me with those goddamn blue eyes

ose goddamn blue eyes "What's your hurry, kid?" I asked. "My bus is leaving in a few minutes,

"Where you going?"

"To my step-father's for Christmas.
Sir "
'That your idea of fun?" He didn't know now to take that. But he added that there were several buses later he could catch, as if asking permission. Hell,

anow now to take that, but he added his there were several busses, later he had been several busses, later ha

when he walked out of the bathroom he found that all his clothing and knapsack was gone. He looked around sut said nothing, just standing with his arms at his side, nude and all squeakly clear His blondish har was in small wet rogets and there was stil, a title water cuning gdown the center of his back.

You want to shave, kid?"
"If you think I should," Hesita-

"Yeah, I reached back to the same assistant which bed in front of the bus staton which had made that Salvation Army Santa Claus at the front door stare so I grabbed a handful of blondish pubic bar. "Get rid of this, too."

He hesitated a minute, then under steed. I handed him an old fashioned double-edged razor I keep around for just that purpose. When he came out of the can the next time, he was smooth as a baby, I told him to assume the position and he knew what I was talking about because he grabbod his ankles and presented his ass to me. His ass got shaving.

I put some heavy marine shackles on him and told him to start fixing us something to eat. And he did a pretty good job considering the condition of and the stock in the kitchen. He served me my supper then I let him eat his at my feet, He cleaned up the kitchen better than it has been for a long time. When he was finished, he came over to me, knelt down on his knees and put his head in my lap, The reflection of the fire I had built in the fireplace reflected on the metal cuffs around his wrists and ankles, I grabbed his right tit. A little work on those and they'd be just right for some heavyduty gold rings, a good Christmas present for him. His big prick stood straight out and had most of the evening, but he had made no effort to touch it. He seemed to instinctly know what was expected of him. He held on to my lef like a stray cat, starved for affection. He

"You ready to be my boy?" I said

He looked up and nodded.

"You know how to say, "yes, Sir" when you're spoken to, boy?"
The voice was quiet but determined, "Yes, Sir."

"You know what I'm going to give you for Christmas, boy?" He looked up again questioningly.

I put the new feather collar around his neck and fishered the lock. I never thought I would let anyone ever wear around my own. Together we walked to strackles around his ankle and fishered it around my own. Together we walked to looked it over and lowered his eyes. "Kneel down and say your prayers. That's right, but raise that ass up." I took a strap from the bedpost and whipped his smooth butt while he continued in a prayerful position. He never flining a prayerful position. He never flining a prayerful position is the never flining and the property of the provided that the service of the provided that the provided

So that is how he spent Christmes ver, chained to me and with my cock up his ass all night. The next day I presented him with the rings for those beautiful tits and tied him to the bedposts while I installed them. I installed a bigger while I mistalled them, in the control of the control of

As I was attaching all his permanent jewelry, he said sadly that he had nothing for a gift for me I looked at the humpy tanned body

laying there stretched out spreadeagled and straining. I lifted up the bound balls and slipped my fingers into what had been a virgin ass. He moaned and looked at me adoringly. And he was worried about having nothing to give me?

"Don't worry about it, kid," I said to the gift that keeps on giving.





tail, bis, it is mild royte Minurs them of any single on steering courn dath hoard hand that, death, it wildly did not be a strong that the strength of the st



Without & Xeophia Cinterphos

Without & Xeophia Cinterphos

263 Lapen Sur Francisco Co 8410

C5 CC 7

Above Order to \$

Above Order to \$

Bed	T(pm)
Yellow	Address
Brown	Age
Seign White	Ciris
Orenge	State
17 9249 D6 Blue	20
	OR SERVICE AND HANDLIN









Christmastimo

Harding Tree Remains of Street Street







The National Miscola Carlos Services Show Services Servic

Mistmas Dungeon







calculate from top: The Uncut Symbol from the Director comes in 14s gold (355), the calculate State of the St



BARE IT

The basic ion right. Available in white right rack racky gift, and camoultage. Core the Solf paul \$21 handling & post-you wind his with A or Mastercharge. Please includin number & expration data. Away 29 weeks fall de work.

BUCO

235 MARKET ST AT CASTRO SE MIN

LARRY TOWNSEND

Author of the Leatherman's Handbook
Offers the most complete and dependable
mail order service for the leather-SM
oriented man



BOOKS MAGAZINES

TOYS in leather, latex, etc. OTHER SPECIALTIES.

For info and catalogues, send \$2 (refundable on first order) and 21 statement to Larry Townsend, P.O. Box 302, Beverly Hills, CA 90213

DRJMMER 58



make a second process of the first force the first force of \$15, and the first force o





FORAY

This first in a series of black and white prints sets a rigid standard of quality that ail future FORAY prints will meet or exceed

 Eighty pound Strathmore paper of archival quality for substance and durability

. A dup-tone process - two press runs per print for maximum fidelity A reproduction so clear that the weave of the original canvas can be identified

Each print individually approved and signed by the artist

D Maried in a 21" slick black tube with metal ends

A card-sized edition on coated a A price that ensures availability to

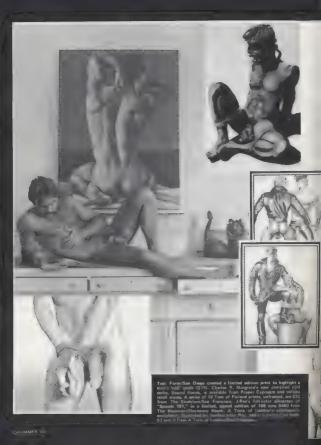
the most modest collector Begin your collection now and stay with us for an exciting FORAY into eratic sm

"Bareback" is available in an 18 by 24 inch format for fifteen dollars. Five card-sized prints (5" x 7") with envelopes are five dollars. Californ a residents please add 6% sales tax.



P.O. BOX 1531 DEPT. D SAN DIEGO

DRUMMER 39







UNCUT SIGN OF THE NATURAL MAN

The UNCUT symbol expresses with style and dignity your pride in being a matural man.

Join the growing ranks of natural men who wear this misses and districtive sign. The UNCUI symbol is offered so a pin or pendant. handczafted fy solid 164'gold. Perfect "gift with meaning" for the man who still has everything.

DPendent (t) and DPa 67 463 \$8 such State

L Check O VIBA @ Masterchargh-Interbeek No. Bookcord No.

Aurens-1399 SW Banks Bake Fat Description





NOIN TRE LEADING LEATHER TOYS 200 film. \$15 JUMBO COLOR ILLUSTRATED PRINTED CATALOG. \$3

ALSO AVAILABLE 8mm COLOR' BILL A COLLY

MINIO BULLUIR". The All Male S&M Film that HURTS!

REEL 1 - STRUNG UP WESTERN STYLE!
REEL 2 - DUNGEON BONDAGE! REEL 3 - BILL HARRISON'S W/S & LEATHER GAMES' 1 REEL 539-2 REELS 569-3 REELS 599

HANGIN' TREE RANCH Box 548d Monterey CA 93940

SPECIAL LOW PRICE



top quality cuffs have just been trad in by a British county police force

Old Partiern Culfs capt in steel and chrome plated better than they do it today and they come to you at 30% ass than our normal list price for same model when new Dire key per

STOCKS ARE LIMITED

Strictly Mail Order Only



THE DRUMMER SHOPPER



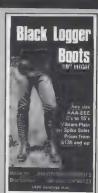




San Francisco, CA 94103 Sand name, address, zita code and chack

or money order for \$7.95 to MORE BEST RECORDS

146 Langton St San Francisco, CA 94103 delivery





B255 C/B BONDAGE PANEL

MONTGOMERY LEATHERS Box 161, Agincourt, Ontario Canada M1S 3B6

instrated Catalogue \$3.50 plus 756 ostage Refunded on first order of \$35.00

. SA CHARCEX MASTERCHARLE

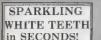


Send \$8.00 + \$1,50 postage to -

P.O. Box 4186 San Francisco, CA 94103 State you are 21 yrs. old



THE DRUMMER SHOPPER





\$398

how discove Hollywood

if it is gament ser

in it is to went

reform upon seria...

well from "our "high and obscillations of uniform include where well as included for the medium "place" with a restore in the medium "place" with a restore in the first of the first one of the control of the medium and the control of the medium and the control of the control

8 menth supplys only BEOD MENEY BACK RUBARANTEE Scray
No. 00 3
Friends 'n Lovers DEPT A300 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010







direction . . crocodiles zero in from another! Together, they EAT HIM UP ALIVE!

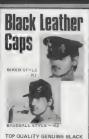
A turn of the screw makes these cold-blooded brutes FULLY ADJUSTABLE (Removable vinyl tips included)

Send \$16, to R. Phillips 166 W. 21st St. N.Y. 10011 Send \$1 for Til Torture Catalog, illustrated





MER SHOPPER THE DRUMMER



LEATHER, EASILY PLIABLE

ASK FOR A SENTRY CAP BY NAME AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER

SENTRY UNIFORM CAP CO., INC. 104 NEW LOTS AVE BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11212



HANKIE BUMPER STICKERS MAGAZINES POSTERS STATIONARY T.SHIRTS

HARRIE DECODERS SHOOL OF B PATCHES MICAPPING PAPER

960 FOLSOM SAN FRANCISCO 94107 All Major Credit Cards Accepted 14151 777-4643 OPEN 7 DAYS



WITH SWAP MEAT SHIRTS THAT INVITE A . C . T . I . D . N

Finesi Quality 100% Cotton Black TShirt — 7 to White Tank Top 6 = Sizes Boy's L Mens S M L

Black/White handkerchief with logo 13 o Send check or money order plus 21 % To andling (92 % for internation) Orders) Calif raidents add 8% sales tax



SWAP MEAT 1800 Нурелоп Аче Los Angeles, CA 90027

Chaps

executed in very Basic Black By MARCHAND

Now available at PLEASURE CHEST stores SLAVE to FASHION BOSTON









NEW! NEW! NEW! JAC-PACK DUO

An incredible sex pocket that strokes. massages and manipulates you with all the sensations of human sexuality.

The original Jac Pack is already the best selling Jac Masters proudly introduces the Jac-Pack Duo Like the prigina, Jac-Pack, this polymerized pouch

> Jac Pack Duo gives orgasms that actually manipulation Order your Jac Pack Duo today You'll wonder how you

ever did w thout it! Telephone Orders

(213) 654 5040

938 N Fairfax Ave , West Hollywood, CA 90046 Please sent JAC PACK DUG \$ 4.95

DUO & HARDHAT \$16.95 JAC-CREAM 4 or \$4.00

"THE COMPLETE MANUAL OF \$30 TATTOOING TECHNIQUES

"TEMPORARY TATTODING

HOTLINE, LTD. - Dept. D

Hollywood, CA 90028

GAY MAPS

Full Color Street Maps of America's Major Gay Cities

➤ Where the Hot Spots Are

GO-MAP

New York

- ▶ How To Get To Them Using Public & Private Transportation
- ◆ Complete descriptive listings of
 - * Bars
 - * Baths
 - * Restaurants
 - * Discos

Color-coded for quick reference

Send \$4.95 for each guide map Cities available are.

- New York San Francisco
- Los Angeles
- Atlanta Washington D.C.
- Montreal

- Chicago
- Houston
- to: Go Maps, Dept. 250 W. 57th St.

Send \$4.95 for each guide map Be sure to indicate cities desired. Enclosed is \$ Send me the following mans:

Name

Address _

City, State, Zip Go Maps, 250 W. 57th St. Suite 224, NYC 10019

DRUMMER 67



Cos Angeles 777 Campillonies Bird

RUN NO MORE

By LARRY TOWNSENL

CHAPTER TWO ANY ATTEMPT TO MOVE WAS ABSOLUTE MISERY

Bn-Wood

ANY ATTEMPT TO MOVE WAS ABSOLUTE MISERY! Charlie had tind me down on my belly, with the £11 weight of my chest pressing upon my nipples, thos not lear not his? I keept asking myself. The amyl and whatever other of e.gs. the skinhead had used on me had left a fersione throoting in my head; but worse that this, a shape, stabbing pain kept cutting through the lesser background of general disconfiort.

Slowly, as my brain began to function again, I became aware that my teats were more than merely sore. A pair of pins had been driven through each of them, forming an "X" on either side There was no way to roll one way or the other to relieve the agony of contact, and the more I tried the worse I made it. The realization that Charlie had mutilated me this way only cold pool at the back of my neck and projected its fingers in

tingling, freezing waves along my spine

I finally managed to grasp the wooden supports against which Charlie had strapped my hands. Only by the greatest effort could I raise my torso high enough to break the painful contact But I couldn't hold the posture very long, both arms began to acmule as my fingers sac along the sertical two hy fours. There was little leeway for my hands to maneuver, and the leather bound tightly about my wrists, cutting off the c rculation. In the end, I dropped back against the leather

I must have groaned, or maybe cried out in pain. Everything seemed suddenly out of focus, with the fog of disbelief rolling in to block my senses. I could not be sure exactly what happened for several seconds Eventually it was Jim's voice that called me back from the distant reaches of mental retreat . . . a harsh command through the drifting, protective clouds I heard it, recognized it, and could almost see the de trium draw aside its curtains. I was aware of the deep red glow from the ceiling light, felt the pain again in its full in-glow from the ceiling light, felt the pain again in its full in-tenst; "Don't fight it," he told me softly, "Lie still." forced myself to stay in place, trying to ignore the spikes of pain. When I had lifted my head for those final few seconds

I had been able to see the outline of Jim's body. He was lying on his side, facing me, atop a tangle of ropes and chains.

on his side, facing me, atop a tanger or ropes and chains. "Are you okay?" I aked at length.
"I'm alive." he muttered. "Listen, while we've got the chance. Charlie out handculfs on me, and there's a flock of keys hidden around the room. If you get a chance, gab one of them." He then proceeded to enumerate the locations, and I tried to picture each of them. Even this moderate degree

"Don't you have any idea what this is all about?" I asked "I mean, just plain burglars aren't going to go through all

looking for something . . . more must be than just the usual valuables," Jim replied. "And Bert?" I asked. "Why did he leave? When's he com-ing back?" I retained a vague hope my uncle might be due to return, although Jim's answer was about what I expected

"Not much chance of his coming home right away," said Jim. "I don't know the whole story. You know how Bert is never tells you more than he thinks you need to know. Alfred telephoned him because there's something wrong at the castle. I'm not sure just what, but Bert decided to leave right away. His club sends contributions, you know, regular amounts to keep the place from being closed down or sold. It's all done on the Q.T., through one of the historical societies . keeps Alfred employed there as caretaker and

ensures our people can always get in to use the . . . facilities I moaned in answer. I'd moved again and the agony from the pins gripped like a black vise about my senses I tried to rise above 't by picturing the castle. I forced my mind to concentrate on the games we'd played in the dungeon

formed mental images of the racks and the pit . . medieval trappings and genuine equipment which had com-prised the original torture chamber. I kept trying to imagine what might have happened to compel my uncle's going there but the possibilities seemed I'm'tless or practical enough to hold my interest against the physical distractions. In the end, I surrendered to another flood of pain-dominated despair, almost weeping as my body wavered at the very brink of endurance. More than this, my bladder seemed suddenly to swell, and I had to take a leak so badly it was all I could do to hold it back. Although my cock hung free, unobstructed, through the opening where my ass had been before, I couldn't bring myself to simply piss all over the floor Again, this was totally illogical, as the floor of my uncle's blackroom had been the recipient of more than one such deluge. Still, I couldn't do it . . . not for nearly another hour, by which time I had no choice. I let go with a feeling of plessed, guilt-ridden relief. Before I finished I heard Jim "Am I flooding you?" I whispered, he answered, "Don't let it bother you; I've

"Just a little," had to do worse myself."

I realized that I was soon going to have problems in that department as well; but for the moment I had satisfied the most urgent need. I was trying to figure some connection between Bert's departure and the arrival of the thugs . . . had about decided it must be coincidence, when I heard footsteps outside the door. For the briefest split second of time I hoped it might be someone come to rescue us; but the scraping sounds were followed by the rumble of decidedly cockney voices and several spurts of sneering laughter. The door behind me opened abruptly, banging loudly against the wall as the voices seemed to burst across my naked, unprotected backside,

I couldn't see them without twisting around, and at the moment I didn't have the strength to move. With the fading of hope, my energies seemed to drain away. It had been one of Charlie's companions who spoke, and for some perverse reason I was afraid that Charlie himself might not have returned. Why I should have expended any positive thoughts on him, I find difficult to explain, I suppose it may have been

because he was more of a known quantity, or seemed so in comparison to the others. I knew he had engaged in some sort of S&M activities with Bert, and I presumed he must have taken some degree of pleasure in them . . , at least tolerated them to achieve his purpose of casing the house. He had also been satisfying some inner cravings in his previous use of me, and crude as his abuse had been I guess I subconsciously detected some glimmer of skill or understanding Tenuous as such reasoning may have been, it was the only

hope I had. Naked, bound down tightly on my belly, writhing in pain from the steel pins in my flesh I had no alternative salvation. Thus, when I heard Charlie answer his companion, I experienced a flush of reflect It was foolish of course, clutching for a straw. I was soon made to realize just how foolish,

For several minutes, the two of them stood in the doorway, speaking in muttered tones that only half registered in my mind. I was impatient for them to do whatever they had come for, hoping above all else that Charlie would take those damned pins out of my nipples. I heard the other man ask something about "getting Jimmy-boy to tell them."
"Not yet," Charlie replied, "Only if we can't make it our-

selves."

I didn't know what they were talking about, and in my impatience I didn't try to interpret it. I was awalting whatever use they intended to make of me, feeling an involuntary expectancy through my loins. Negative as the entire situation had to be, its sexual adjuncts were not to be denied . . . at least not subconsciously, as these affected my physical responses. Even the pain in my teats seemed to lossen, as if the anticipation of impending interaction could suspend the exquisite agony.

They spent a couple of minutes discussing us, making remarks which I would have taken as part of the game under other circumstances . . deliberately insulting cracks intended to humiliate an M. To Charlie, perhaps they were; from his companion, I wasn't sure. "Let the Yank do the dirty work," said the other man at length.

Charlie mumbled his agreement, and I felt the bonds come loose on my feet. I started to move then, but a belt came

"When I tell yer ter move, yer move!" Charlie snaried. I held in place as he unstrapped my hands. I made no resisting motion, even when his repositioning of my torso drop ped the weight more solidly onto the needles. I managed to suppress the groans of misery, gritting my teeth as Charle abruptly took hold of one arm and flipped me onto my back. I was free for the moment; fleetingly, the thought of fighting them fluttered through my mind . . . died before my muscles could respond to the possibility. My arms and legs were still numb from their long confinement besides which, the pair of thugs totaled at least three times my weight. Charlie seized my hands and brought them together in front of me, His companion snapped handcuffs onto them - heavy, oldfashioned irons with an eight or nine inch chain connecting the wrist pieces

"Get up!" Charlie commanded. His voice was deceptively soft, but his hands gripped roughly beneath my shoulders as he hefted me off the padded surface.

I managed to stand, swaying a little and feeling a drunken rush of blood through my brain, blackening my senses and threatening to knock me into the dark curtain that floated just before my eyes. Charlie bumped his knee against my thigh, shoving me a step sideways as the black curtain kept dropping down to half obscure my vision, gradually, rising, falling back again . . . a little less each time until my body made the necessary adjustments. By then he'd buckled a leather collar about my neck. He attached a long, light chain to this and tossed the loose end to his companion. "Show 'im wot ter do," said Charlie in a sneering tone.

The other skinhead yanked at my lead, almost making me fall. "Come on!" he said. Naked, my hands cuffed in front of me, i was led through the black hall to the broom closet. There I was commanded to get some rags and a mop, then to fil a bucket with warm soapy water. The man led me back and ordered me to clean the floor of the blackroom. One of them arways held my chain, and I was subjected to a series of kicks and verbal insults while I worked. Both skinheads wore leans and heavy work boots. Charlie's blue denim shirt was dirty and one of the arms was ripped at the shoulder. His ompanion had strugged off a ness P acket leaving ust a back, short sleeved I shirt on his upper body. But of the two. it was Charlie who radiated an aura of animal sexuality. His pants seemed to cling to his hips and thighs, even his tattered workshirt suggested a purposeful display of muscular potential. As I scrubbed the black-painted boards, I though abstractly of the old Levi ads . . . the neatly dressed workmen versus the job-slob . . . man, not the clothes . . . what next? When I finish this, what's going to happen?

I kept moving, working on the area they directed me to the constant pulling on my least I was afraid afraid, and there was no way to deny my fear. Yet beneath it all there was also a glimmer of sensual excitement, I tried not to think about it, to ignore the aspect of emotional com-plexity. I might be killed or maimed before they finished with me. But this knowledge still failed to completely dispel the occasional tremors which coursed my loins. I labored a lone time on the flaor long enough to be able to conce se and discard a goodly number of impractical ideas. I was seeking escape within my own mind, I realized. It was the edge of madness, the same realm into which a psychotic was able to slamming the heavy mental portals behind him to

baffle his tormentors' pursuit

Charlie jerked on the chain, making me fall against the floor where I struck the pail and splashed some of the water onto the area I had just wiped dry. "Yer dawdlin"," he growled.

As I scooped the puddle into a cloth I looked across at in a corner, and I could see that Charlie had locked a set of fetters onto his ankles in addition to the cuffs which still bound his wrists in back of him. Because my friend was facing me I was unable to see what kind of irons they'd used to secure his hands . . . wondered if they'd exchanged his manacles for the older type they'd placed on me. I wondered if the key would fit, assuming I was given the chance to take

I had finished the clean-up and looked expectantly at Charlie. He grinned crokedly and whispered something to this companion. The other skinbead laughed and I test my ked tighten, forcing me to stand again. When I glanced about, I saw that Charlie had taken hold of the end and it was se with led me back to the broom closet. He supervised my replacing of the materials. Surprisingly, he told me to wring out the rags and fold them, to empty the bucket and rinse it clean. What ever his facade of pretense in front of his fellows, he adhered to a certain standard of role-playing. I finished my chores and stood facing the sink, afraid to turn around Charlie was silent for several seconds, giving me the impression that he may have been planning his next move. He was uncertain, I

"Fill the bucket," he said abruptly. "Hot water . . . hot

l obeyed, running the tap until steamy mist obscured the level inside the pail. Charlie stopped me when it felt about half full "Carry it back," he said sharply.

When we returned to the blackroom, Jim was sitting on

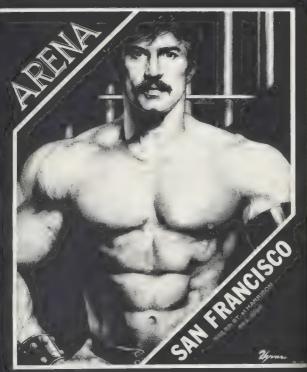
the edge of the rack where I had been bound. He had been freed of his fetters, except for the cuffs which still secured his hands behind him I caught a quick 5 mps. I them, just enough to note they were of more recent vintage than mine. Charlie's companion stood in front of my fellow captive, one blue-clad leg touching Jim's naked knee. The skinhead held a hottle of Ver contage champagn. If one hand, per odicany forcing him to drink from it. "Thought a bit'a bubbly might

Charlie grunted and shoved his hand against the center of my back "Put the bucket down," he told me.

"Look, what are you guys . . .?" I got no further. It had been my first attempted protest and it was abruptly stilled, into the cll, in the analysis have conjugate stand case to where whis, and pushing myse have coping it is stand. I didn't try to say any more. I could hear them pouring the wine into Jim, this activity punctuated by an occasional moan or sigh, I chanced a fleeting glance over my shoulder, saw that neither of them was looking at me, in that spil second, I located one of Bert's keys and snatched it from its hid no place, grapped at gorly note pain of one hand, I had all but forgotten about the needles through my teats until one side of my chest had struck the wall and the fierce pain had returned I used in more lar, so to to past them out, dropped them onto the floor, hoping neither Charlie nor his friend would notice. I dabbed with my thumb to stop the

I heard them moving Jim, the clink of chains and the squeak of leather urging me to turn and look. I knew better, and I controlled the impulse until a warm, heavy hand drop-ped onto my shoulder. It was my turn My fellow captive had Chains had been set about his neck and ankles, these locked to rings above and below his body. His wrists were still pinioned as they had been; behind him in handcuffs, I saw the ered the small, almost delicate globes of his ass. Laughing,





The above "Mumber Das Mas" poster is realished on 23 by 25 such slick poster stock with or without the Areas logs on 6-follows: solth his legs 50 insulating prostage and handling, without the logs, spared and senabled by the artist, limited edition of 100 cents for 225 including postege and handling. California calculating to the control of the control of 100 cents for 225 including postege and handling. California calculating to the control of the control of 100 cents for 225 including postege and handling. California calculating the control of 100 cents for 225 including postege and handling. California calculating the control of 100 cents for 225 including postege and handling. California calculating the calculation of 100 cents for 100 cents fo

hands upward and quickly fastened them to one of the struts which had previously supported my feet. He bound my ankles to the upper end, then worked the lever to cant the board I was secured, face down, as before, but with the oblique angle

The two skinheads were sviggering, and I heard one of them move the bucket. I remained uncertain for only a moment lenger. Strong hands graped my buttocks, yanked them to lenger. Strong hands graped my buttocks, yanked them to plastic mozile had been plunged into my ass. I be before the burning agony, subsided I felt warm, tingling fingers seeping thin my gust. I had seen the enem equipment in the room tion my gust. I had seen the enem equipment in the room to make the freeze with terror. My first thought was the ir zulonal fear that they might have added something to the training of the strong the

I was begging them to stop, struggling and twisting, trying to look around as I sought to dislodge the tube. Lould see Charier hoding a funnel while his companion tipped the buc ket, sloshing water into the opening, dribbling it across the piper end of the rack. Warm liquid trickled down my legs, seeded between the leather and my midisection An uncommended the state of the state of the state of the work of the work of the work of the state of the state of the work of the work of the state of the state of the state of the work of the state of the

and making remarks about "cleaning me out for him."

They kept forcing the water into me, gallons it seemed, though the bucket must have held only two or three quarts; most of that was slooped about the floor and over the strain or, contours of my as. When the bucket was empty I could will let the puddles undermeath me, the coding pool that lay will let the puddles undermeath me, the coding pool that lay end to be a strained to be about the summanded weight and coding a terrible desire to expel the unwanted weight and pressure. I know I must'n thought kept asking mercel what

them out, wondering if they had some motive beyond the pleasure my degradation gave them. With an effort to avoid a further punishment, I clamped my buttocks tight together, closed my sphincier like a fist and allowed the rest of my body to hang limply in the bonds. The tune had been yanked from my ass, and I heard them drop the bucket onto the floor The rack dropped suddenly back to its horizontal position.

Charlie started unbuckling my feet . I guess it was Charlie. I don't look, even when his or the other's name gripped against my calves, It was all I could do not to you myself, but I was sure they would do something drastic if acted without permission. Charlie came around and loosened the chain which bound my handcuffs to the wooden strate the chain which bound my handcuffs to the wooden strate.

the chain which bound my handcuffs to the wooden strat.
"Yer gonna stand up now," he told me, His tone was smooth, nasty-nice to match the smirking grin on his face. "Yer gonna stand up, and yer not ter let it out." Yer know wor'll appen if yer let it out?" He grinned more broadly and clapped his broad, fait hand against my as. His fingers and clapped his broad, fait hand against my as. His fingers hard, hard until the lorsed a groun to pas between my tight clenched use.

Once I was standing, Charlic kicked at my feet to force my legs, spart. The leather collar was still around my neck, and he fastened this to a chain which damped from the celling and the fastened this to a chain which damped from the celling and the standard of the standard from the celling the standard from the stan

The it's companion had procured a bottle of brandy from my uncles cellar. He took a deep pull at this and passed it to the other. Charle swilled down several mouthlus and gave the container back. Then he hunkreed down beside Jim, unfasten night him from whatever restraints remained to hold him on the floor. The second skinhead bent down to help and between them they synaked Jim to his feet, held him upright Tacing me.

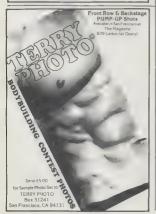






Now Serving Lunches (11:30 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.) and Dinners (6:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.)

FULL HOTEL FACILITIES



ment. He was starved and more than a little drunk At first his eyes were glassy and unfocused, his handsome fax ellitorized and swollen. Yet even in his present condition, his tight little body seemed to radiate a tithe, muscutar strength, Eventually, he forced himself to stand erect, though the alcohol they'd forced down his throat was bluntup his sense of balance. Gradually his eyes returned to life and he looked into my face with grim intensity.

One of the skinheads shoved him against me, forcing our naked chests and groins to press and rub together. Charlie seized the backs of both our heads and drove our mouths together, held us there until I could taste the safty residue of

sweat and blood on my companion's lips

"Kiss 'im," Charlie muttered. "Kiss 'im right!" He pressed our mouths more filmly against one another. My teeth were cutting into my lips and Jim's nose was pressed almost flat by my checkbone. Joened my jews, joining with Jim a Charlie twisted us enough to match the contours of our lips Without surge of desire flooded my groon. The pressing fullness within my guts assumed a positive warmth, despite the almost painful effort, to retain the.

"Show us how you do it." Charlie taunted us, He stepped behind Jim and drove down the full weight of his hands and arms upon the smaller man's shoulders, Jim seemed to resist for a moment, his tongue curing against mine before our hold was broken and he sank slowly to his knees. Charlie unged Line and we have grand for hong Jim shea, not on and if at tening his face against the patch of blond, "Stuck 'lim," Charlie said sharply. "Stuck 'lim, and if 'e lest she water out, verill asid sharply. "Stuck 'lim, and if 'e lest she water out, verill."

lick it up!

The other skinhead postuoned himself to my left; Charle moved back to her right. Jim and I seemed to be surrounded by them, naked and helpless between the two powerfully act they forced upon us. I was unable to look at Jim, because the leather collar pulled taut if I uried to move my head. I could feel his lips as they signed variesed the top of my cock, or his mouth enclosed me. My insides strained against the demand to release the deedfull pressure, and a trickle of warmth oozed down the inside of my thigh. I hoped Charlet wouldn't see it, and for several seconds it seemed the hadn't. And for several seconds it seemed the hadn't. I dennet. I felt the sharp sking of his crop between my shouldenbess, forcing the whole scene mit or a widen fleeting

After that, everything dissolved into a nightmare confusion I guess I must have been duzy from lack of sleep, maybe in a state of partial shock at all the unbeginning and state of partial shock at all the unbeginning the state of partial shock at all the unbeginning the state of the state o

bad, f. Navies surcasts, outp about "Sucker stend, what has pened to him." I heard one of them land a very heavy blow across jim's back; he ground and fell heavily against me. The motion drowe my cock all the way into him, while the impact of his body uppet my balance and I hung for several second that the side and the side and the resultant constriction was not directly against my windpipe. Still, it partially throttled me and continued to restrict the circulation until my vision biumed and I could feel my face growing diet. Another trace of water ran warmly down between my

One of the skinheads struck me solidly across the ass with the flat of a belt, renewing the inwanted flood of passions within me, A desperate surge of arousal caused both balls to tighten against the base of my cook and even the stranging constriction around my neck became a source of unwilling excitement. I was a prisoner in a very real, poentally fast situation, an M subjected to gross humilitation and punishment which was neither simulated nor in any sense a game. My

fear was genuine, and the possibility of being murdered in the course of this action hung like a specter of doom against the background of heavy sensuality. My physical responses were positive, nonetheless; had I tried, I could not have

Jim's lips were possessing me with a fury that evidenced some inexplicable, counterpart to my own disordered responses. He impaled himself and forced my cockhead down his throat. He twisted his head from side to side and rolled his tongue against the pulsing underside. I trembled in the tightening web of desire, knowing I was close. Momentarily giving in to a blind rush of lust that obliterated any awareness of danger or the other fearsome circumstances. What little energy I was able to consciously muster I directed to keeping the water inside me, I had purposely been holding my hands against my midsection, trying not to touch or otherwise interfere with Jim Now, my fingers twisted against themselves and the need to grasp him became too great. I was on the verge of climax, and without considering what I did I seized his head, tangled all but one finger in his hair. Retaining just enough judgement to know I must keep hold of the key, responded to his warmth and my own arousal I shoved him completely onto me, felt my cock plunge through phiegm slick membranes, into the core of heat where I erupted in mindless, demanding lust.

Jim gagged and strangled, strained against my grasp until I let him go. I was ashamed, then, that I should have surrendered this final whit of self-respect. Jim seemed to drop away, though I couldn't see him. As his lips slid down the length of my shaft they drew my final stream behind them. I wilted into him, cried out in the combined expression of ecstasy and remorse . . . of stark embarrassment and humilia tion. I sucked in a hissing breath as his grip enclosed the hyper sensitive tissues of the crown, froze at the sudden guffaw

from the pair of skinheads

" 'E likes it!" Charlie snorted. "Bloody fuckin' queer He struck me hard across the ass, drew back his arm and let me have the flattened strap again. His blows fell harder and faster, climbing higher on my back, then dropping to the center of my thighs. Before he finished, he seemed to have worked himself into a frenzy, whipping me to a leviate some demon within his own soul

I was twisting about and trying to escape him, flinching before the anticipated stroke which never landed prec selv where I thought it would, nor timed to the expected rhythm. I had turned completely around in my futile attempts to lessen his punishment, all the while maintaining the nowautomatic pinch of sphincter muscles, I heard Jim fall to the automatic pinch of sprincter museles, means just ouching my floor and I could feel some part of his body touching my feet. Abruptly, the second skinhead shouted at Charde:

dead! I thing 'e's dead!

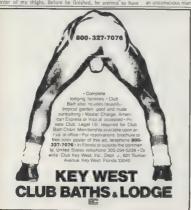
Charlie's leather belt clattered to the floor and the two of them were on their knees next to Jim. The damned collar kept me from being able to see, and I nearly hanged myself each time I tried. I saw Charlie's back as he boited from the room, and I heard his companion slapping Jim in a panicky attempt to revive him. Charlie returned with a plast c bottle monia by the smell of it. He held this in front of Jim's face. I

"E ain't dead!" said Charlie with a deprecating tone. He stood and grinned at me, "No thanks to 'is mate, 'ere, he added

The two of them started to argue then, drawing back out of earshot while they whispered in harsh, almost angry tones The other man was trying to convince Charle to ask something of Jim, but I wasn't able to hear what it was.

"We can wait," Chartie insisted, "I don't see no reason ter kill 'em'

I couldn't see exactly where they were, because the collar was even tighter now, after my twisting attempt to get away from Charlie, I nudged Jim with my toe, trying to ascertain if he was conscious. His flesh was warm, but that was all I could to respond, I dropped the key onto what I hoped was his body. I held my breath, waiting for one of the skinheads to shout at me. Nothing happened, and I couldn't be sure if the slight movement I sensed against my foot was Jim's attempts to secret the key, or if it might be the involuntary response of an unconscious man struck by a falling object





I heard a cork pop loose from a bottle, and a sudden burst of laughter as the skinheads imbibed the contents. They had settled their dispute, and apparently Charlie had prevailed. There was no immediate attempt to question either of us. It was becoming a monumental effort to hold myself so that I didn't strangle on the collar, while forcing my bowels to sustain the painful pressure. Charlie's friend added to the discomfort by staggering up to me and shoving his bottle between my lips. My vision was too distorted by then to see the label, but I presumed it was more champagne until he upended the container and I felt the fiery sting of whiskey against the raw tissues of my throat. I tried to swallow, but the fumes clogged my nasal passages. The liquid fire was bubbling out through my nose, burning my eyes and dribbling down the front of my naked body. I tried to shove him off with my hands, but I might as well have pressed against a solid wall. I succeeded only in knocking myself off balance, which brought the noose more tightly around my neck

The skinhead kept pouring liquor into me, thoroughly enjoying my awkward helplessness as I tried to keep from blacking out. Little spurts of warmth were jetting out of me, soaking the insides of my legs. There wasn't anything I could do to stop it. I was afraid he'd really make it impossible for me to breathe, and at the moment that was the more important consideration. The pressure was heavier than ever against my prostate; and adding its discordant sensation to all the rest. I could feel my cock brushing limply across the rough surface of the skinhead's jeans. The man was so thoroughly enjoying my misery, I don't think he gave a second's thought to the effect his usage was having on my ability to obey Charlie's command. I was losing more water by the moment, and I

was beginning to feel the internal heat from the booze | was

Charlie stepped in just moments before I would surely have been unconscious. I remember his freeing me from the overhead chain and forcing me to kneel. He fastened a leash to the collar and forced me to crawl through the hallway and into a bathroom a few feet down the corridor. He taunted me as I sat there, allowing the liquid to flood out of me. The whiskey

came so incoherent I don't really recall his returning me to the blackroom. I know he bound me across one of the low benches so I was forced to stay on my knees. My hands had been repositioned behind me, and my head was almost touching the floor as they turned my backside upward, higher than the rest of me.

One of them used the belt on me again; either Charlie or his friend, I'm not sure which. But I was soundly whipped, finally forced to take them both before they left. I never actually passed out, which might have been a merciful blessing. Instead, I retained a semi-conscious state and a distorted refloor, and I know I tried to focus my eyes to see if the key was anywhere in sight. As best I could tell, it wasn't, I couldn't even be sure when the pair of skinheads left, though it must have been a good half hour after that before I dared call out

He may have been asleep, but after I spoke his name a couple of times he answered me 1 could hear him moving, the brushing sound of his body against the floor, the clink of

chains as he struggled to roll onto his side.

"The key," I whispered hoarsely. "Did you get it?" He only grunted in reply, but my vision had cleared enough that I could see him straining to maneuver his hands. After a seemingly interminable effort, one of the cuffs clicked open. A few moments later he was unbuckling my restraints. When I was free, I sat on the bench, holding my head with both hands, trying to clear my mind. "At least they don't intend to murder us," I mumbled,

"At least . . . not yet," Jim answered. He sat down beside me, both of us trying to order our thoughts and to regain some form of control over our bodies. Finally Jim started to laugh. "We are a pair!" he said. He almost choked on the words, because his hysterical mirth was completely out of control. "Naked as a pair of jaybirds, and . . . well, neither of us smells very good."

"Do you have any idea what time it is?" I asked suddenly, "Do you have a date or something

was taking greater possession of me by the moment, and I be-





94103

415-552-4950

1182 Folsom Street San Francisco, CA



HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL TWO BITS A WORD

ARIZONA

. w/m, 30, 5'9 ath etic, wer Seeks man with similar interests. No quested Will travel Box 879.

PHOENIX S, 8'2", 185 lbs. 57, wants total slave for B&D, W/S, FF discioline and humilistion. You will lave my guests. No dopers, thieves, lins. Box 497

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES Get on you Master, 6'2", 185 lbs uncut, if you are white mascu ent, not overweight. Interested in set no the discipline from you I demand, I st fucking, and etting you know who's boss. Am experienced ne ude phone number and when you are evallable. Box

CALIFORNIA WHIPPED ASS IS BETTER

Cabin boy type ava eable for hot hard who and brong duty. Wim, 50 No. 5, no. in: 1 Willi report to your querters with uniform, toys. Seeman Ken, 455 Ellis St. No. 3351, Sen Fran-otic CA 94102

LA BODYBUILDER 5 to 195 contest type build, seeks othe very muscular dudes for wild times Send photo! Occupant No. 117 1738 N. Canyon Drive Holly wood CA 900.28

WANTED! Size to receive MILD B&O, torture, from farmer high school aducator Any sp, any size ok German & Swel shi types desired. Wrestlers ox

WRESTLING/FIGHTING htin' Topman, 28, strong, ry, and MEAN thinks S.F. Fightin' esses on the line in an all-out fight! you think you're man enough prove me wrong, let's fight. No holds-barred brawl to a definite fin ish And after I've whipped your yellow ass, I'll stuff it with my cock and/or fist. Send challenges, photos

S/M SAN FRANCISCO Looking for biker or leatherm permanent relationship. P.O. 4244, Sen Francisco, CA 94101

HARDASS UNRULY CANINE MUTT WANTED with thick, uncut cockmeat, hot boiling, low-hangin', cum filled nuts by Black honcho lustin' to collar/ leash, break/train as bootdog toilet slave animal Need boot/cock hungry. /B torture, crotch shaving, humilion. White bootdog ONLY wh needs/wants to be hogsed/roped by its slave animal nuts and ridden hard needs write. Photo/phone for promot

reply Box 988 OAKLAND Need your cock and bells bound and tortured? I am the one who can do it for you, Write with details and photo to 8 ox 1905.

HOT & READY IN L.A. Scandenavian man, 33, versatile (very), good body, good looking Enjoy 3-ways and groups also Levis. leather, jocks, grease, outdoor scenes. Good men and good sex get same

HOT HORNEY HAIRY

HUNKY HUNG A Area 46, 5'9", 179 A Area 46, 5'9', 179 lbs, brown har, blue eyes, 8%" uncut Into light S&M, B&D, locks, leather, MS, TT, FF, JO, fantasy trips. Open to most new scenes. Will answer with phone and photo. Box 349

BIG WIDE OPEN ASSHOLES WANTED
LA W/M, 31, 5'11", 165 lbs.,
wants men with hot assholes into

FF, huge dildoes, punch fucking, able to withstand several hours of heavy ass play no J/O Box 811 Serious men only,

SAN FRANCISCO - SM, 41, 6'1". 175 lbs., white, 8" cut, looking for some heavy scenes. Can endure much in either role and wants no nonspinse partner who knows what he is doing. If you're a man, work me over S&M, B&O, owe ideas, Dork 625, Poet BD, new ideas. Dork, 625 Post freet, No. 549, San Francisco, CA

SHAVED TATTOOED SLAVE needs public exhibition, discipline, humilistion from uncompromising Mesters. Craves rose pain, floggings, branding, torture, permanent Francy Make me crawl, naked, black/blue hss/cum covered and beg for more sox 36433, Los Angeles, CA 90036

MASTER, 33, 5'10" 160 lbs , seeks novice s ave 20'30, slim, to learn and expand limits. Have toys and work room. Master Dennis, 1918. Deisy

SKANDINAVIAN KINK VERY hat struggling artist (Top) seeks relationship with patron of the Arts (bottom). Best face sitter in the Brotherhood - needs help I am 27 8 ft., 165 lbs., muscular, mascu 8 ft., 165 lbs., muscular, mascu-lina, shiletc, reunchy. Very good looking. Blond hair, blue eys, chis eled features Widely considered the hottest man in San Francisco Write ERIC at 8 bx 986 (1t's good karma to help struggling artists.)

San Francisco Obedient slave and his hunky Master looking for hot (my) leather stude into threeways and group sex Well-equipped toy chest No heavy drugs. Your photo gets

S F BLACK LEATHER/BOOTS Mascuine S, w/m, 34, 5111" 185 ths, dressed in full reather, looks hot and smells good if you are a stender w/m under 34 like good music, a and smells good if you are a stender with under 34 like good music, a firm hand, a hard cock, have a lob then get on your fucking knees and write. Don't expect a long rep y from me, I want to meet you instead. Absolutely no flabs, fems stupids or hard drugs. Box 854.

WHIPPING SESSIONS wanted with leather/uniform men. Have exper ence both as bound cocksucking slave and as booted heavy whip wielder am uncut, thick cock for heavy sucking Age 36, 176 lbs., 6', beard ed Box 841

Human ashtray, 30, blond blu cyes, would like to meet oger smok ing torture mester ing torture mester for fun and games Prefer torturer with isolated and/or soundproof facility Mature gentlement welcome 495 Ellis Street No. 1859, San Francisco, CA 94102 Other gemes possible, but cigar smokers only

DOG 34, 5'10". 155 lbs., seeks Mester to train me on collar and leash. Sir, wrste. Ed Smith, Box 71758 Los Angeles, CA 90071 W/m, smooth, in search of firm hand.

with, smooth, in search of firm hand, guidence and training from meture, hirsute, serious Mester, willing to consider shexparlenced, unfulfilled but needful 31 year-old. My Mester commands respect from his person. not his brutslity Bay Ares only

Black leather master, 35, seeks total uninhibited sleves 18-40. You will ubmit to my handcuffs, commands in private or bars, reply "Yes, Sir" or "No, Sir," dress as ordered. Photo a must or no reply, conn e, 1242
Polk No. 300, San Francisco, CA you want the letter returned should there be some problem with delivery

Asswering a Drumbest ad is easy, but the few rules we have are hard aro fast so observe them or else. Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number as the back flap of the envelope. Put your return address on the envelope of

DOI: THE RESERVE

LATEL	ш	44.	"	-71	
15 Harr	ett	Str	out	- St	

n Francisco, California 94103

Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all oce, state and federal laws. No advertisements temptof from persons under age 21. Drummer Publication will not incovering vaccent fraudulent obscere, effective or questionable advertising.

Appress -

dit are that I am over 21 yrs, old and that the data him and is true and correct i understand that no work of all will be supplied to me for my approval to the control of the control of

forwarded. Put the whole thing issaled letter and fee) in another envelope addressed to Drummer Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed AD COPY (Please Print Legibly)

Put proper postage on the envelope Include 25c for each letter you want

 	_	

My Ad is Words at 25 rents a word

training experiences, sex unusual requirements. John Post St., No. 594, San Fran 625 Post St., N

TRAVELING TO S F & L A
Top, w/m 40, 6'1", 160 lbs., short
black hair, clipped beard, wents to meet hat young bottom who is into photo and you must be in leather and old jock straps are a big turn-on for me, also, Box 824

VENICE Intelligent pigs wanted for dirty sex Your scat/wis. fantasies

SAN FRANCISCO Perticular Master 32, seeks 19-22 leather, levis 8 baseloot type for bottom rote in 19th S&M sex, traveling compenion into outdoors activities possible 5 role toward 3-d perties with master

W/m, 28, seeks older, heavy chested, sedistic Moster Jim Box 4509, Sen Francisco CA 94101

LIVE IN SLAVE & LOVER Hayward man, completely inexperi-enced, new to either scare, eager to tears both roles. Would relocate in Boy Ares. NO FF. No photo, no raply Box 823

Two rugged, very heary, meen, unde-feated fightin' stude in locks, boots & leather masks seek other No holds barred, 2-out-of 3 falls sutmessons only No fartesses - real right n 1 Man anough? Photos & chellenges to Box 816.

Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long and/or extra-thick? If you vs ever been too big," and you know that it IS a whooper. can't handle you, then you want to meet me, I'm 29, 5'11', 160 lbs., et me, i'm 29, b'11", 160 lbs., porno actor, hunky, gdlkg, hot insatisble appet te. And i you're ess, insatishe appet to And I you're a young, super-hung horny dude, into fucking a hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other rain only action lexcept FFI write with a pic I'm for real man. Box 100.

SAN FRANCISCO, Center, 36, 5' 10" 130 lbs, white, bearded bottom for rim/scat Beard or mustache a must No age or riske restrictions. Box

PIGS WANTED San Francisco Two hat his farmers both w/m, S 37 58" 140 hs 7" cut M 40 51 155 hs 8" cut. Have sty Love FFA WS enemas, bit, ass each of and other came. Photo gets photo Write Troy, Box 31701, S.F., CA 94131

San Francisco bottom, 36, 6'3" 165 lbs., 8%" uncut, looking fol white beingut leather master for White beingut leather master for toilet nitiation, use me as a latrine, piss-socked locks sucked dry also into levis and leather, bondage shaving, recycled been from cheesy uncut cocks. Box 582

NORWALK S looking for 18 30 who is willing to serve and can take what 3 dish out. I am 23, 5'6" 125 ibs 30x 706.

SLAVE INFORMATION Heavy say into rounchy jock straps, SM, 35, 58", 185 lbs, semi-ensigning the strain of the strai pissed on. Am 6', 155 lbs., 8", white 32 Photo in jock strap and leather lacket a must. Box 967

S/M Hot, handsome, experienced leather mester seeks together men to serve me as slave and MC buddy rider I am W/M. 28, 5'11", 130 rider I am Wild, 28, 5°11", 190 lbs, block hair, mistache, blue eye, 8" cart, double LEO with insatiable sex drive You are wild, 24-60 goodlooking, 5'5" to 5°11", hot hungry ass for long hot sessions willing loyel, submissive nature, tram beard and mustache preferred Must be emproyed or financially indepen-dent. The kind of slave I want I can tie down to the seat of my motor

Submit a respectful letter of e-perience with photo and phone to Sir Calvin Martin, P.O. Box 1481 San Francisco, CA 94101 KINKY FILTHY HOT 31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play. Am mostly enjoy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right Master, but can pwitch with right person or play both simultaneously into S&M, B&D, W/S, stat Leither wet and raunchy Laws and jock straps, outdoor scenes, exhibitionist

Spankings, whippings, boots, some WANTED¹
BIG MATURE TITS¹
P.D. Box 69, Desert Hot Springs,
CA 92240

SLAVE Averlable for big tough millionaire over 40 You set the limits. I'll earn my keep 33, 511", 140 lbs., ashletic, masculine, educated, sensitive NOT a phony POB 115. Big Sur, CA 93920.

MASTER, 41, w/m, 6', 170 lbs. 7'', seeks thoroughbred level-headed ?". seeks thoroughbrid lever-nesded Germanic type partner who is super-hurry llegs, arms, chest, assholel with uncut, thick, juxy tool, bull bells, bullneck, big feel & big hairy handa. Must have open mind with out hangups regarding uninhibited sex, willing to try anything once with right person regardless of how far out or bizarre Illimits respected! open to permanent relationship with

buddy, with more than sex the uni-mate goal I'm Into leather, levis uniforms, toys, fantesy trips, FF scat, w/s, fifth, raunchy sex, wrest ing, mud, oil, camping, farming sweet, dirty talk, sports, horse-back is what's handsome to me. Spare me good looks, just produce a well ad justed 100% rugged male. Reply with photo, which will be promptly returned, to Charles Pardue, c/o Pan Occidental Agricultural & Ranch Pan Occidental Agricultural & Ranch Supply Co., P O Box 38510, Los Angeles, CA 90038

SAN FRANCISCO Master, w. 25. 5'11", 180 lbs., visiting Frisco next summer Want to meet willing slove to prolonged bondage, rope, mild M C&B restraint. Young, trim, into prolonged bondage, rope, mild S&M C&B restraint. Young, trim, goodlooking slave to show me the city by day and at hight submit to bondage NO drugs, fats, fem, scat. If too much body hair, it will have to come off Send photo. Box 883

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER, 41 5'9', 140 lbs, expenenced in bondage, FF, WS, boots, S&M Respectful of limits, willing to expergment

THE RULE IS Do as you're told or else S, 45, 6'3", 170 lbs requires hairy or pierced M, 20:60. Box 679. PALM SPRINGS. M, 34, 6'2", 180 lbs, desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. Levis/testher a turnon. Box 902

SLAVE DANNY
LOS ANGELES AREA, I am more
beautiful in bondage than in freedom, and I will submit to tortures, piercing, shaving, photography you, Sir, or to groups, I nee Master to be pleased with and proud of me. Box 35.

Super-hot, goodlooking, hung young stud seeks other S studs for challenges in top position. Travel to S.F., NYC, and Chicago often, I am a Master who is into other Masters. Men who can handle competition are welcome. 26, 6', 165 lbs., dark blonde, moustache, 8" cut. For the hottest, try the hottest Box 674 ARIZONA STUD TRAVELS for hor scenes, 8', blk/brn, bearded, crew-cut, hung, w/m, 30's, 165 lbs, Seek topmen to mete out heavy, bizarre topmen to mete out honey, billare punshment, meabotomy and other C/B/T as well as other sem-ultimate trips, including deep FF and the rest of your individual desires. The best practitioner will eventually get it all Parkticarts belong lister to Rov. Reply with phone, please, to Box-holder, P.O. Sox 26042, Phoenix

DELECT VE SADIST requires musicular missochist Object musiculastist faction Me w/m, 38, 61". 190 lbs. If uncut, inventive You ready for new adventures. Photo helps 80x 817 SELECTIVE SADIST requires mus

OROVILLE, 34, 6', 180 lbs, brown/ brown, looking for master who loves teather as I do feel, small, taste sight. I need humilistion, WS, hot plo, feel, smell of warm/hot leather wille, CA 95965

Tough, hard, bear-drinking, cigar-smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank armpits, simey asshole and a cruddy uncut cock wears greasy, rotten, stinking boots, socks, jocks, t shirts, levis and leather Digs spirting, pissing, shitting, puking sweating and farting. Gets off with chains, tires, concrete, municipality and pil Box 294VB

SAN FRANCISCO w/m, 41, 6', 170 lbs., wants action not talk, FF (top), whapping, fucking, sucking, heavy tit work Box 677 SAN FRANCISCO M, 5'5%", 140

lbs., 40, new to leather world, seeks we'rm, 25-40, to show the way Must respect limits, no scat, shaving or

CHAIN ME UP For the weekend Don't let me so your face. Shave my head before you hood me. Cover my shaved, belt marked body with piss & hot wax. Give me nothing to set but piss & cum (maybe even my own) I need imaginative Master who respects my limits. San Francisco, 44, 6', 17i lbs., w/m. Box 640

SAN FRANCISCO HOT S, 30, 5'10', 150 lbs., B',", looking for young intelligent macha buotiscking cocksucking slave into tit tortun B&D, FF, W/S, or anything else order Apprications will be con

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER to work you over. Heavy, bearded, crew-cul Solid 210 lb. ex-coach expects obedience, digs worship, 6% cut, blue eyes, 5'10" sexual athlete, 52, wants macho partners who know how to serve. Only mentary & emotionally stable tooks seeking total times South of Market Mellow scenes possible too Enjoy men a all ages. Willing to train novice Respect limits but am firm Push & For inspection and interview, with frank latter and recent photo

HOLLYWOOD M, 44, 5'6%" 130 Ibs., wuling to try enything with the right Master. Prefer w/m, 35-55 in leather, levi, cockstrep Box 392 SAN FRANCISCO Hot teached man, 39, 5°9" 5 . 160 ms car white, mis bodybunding, beckpecking and disco En oy eather millery and western attude. Sexual nicrests include rock and body worship of movies o, enemias rimming, w.s., sweet, spit five, rope art, bocassional Francis Body. Inovice but interested) No scat aris limited pain mixed equally with at fection Prefer slightly dominant, ad venturous but level-headed part neris) No fats or fems. Answer with photo for HOT reply Box 784

HAYWARD, S. 28, 5'11", 180 lbs. 8'4" cut, muscular, goodlooking looking for attractive, well built gurs who are versatile and responsive. No fots, fem, fishby, oder out of shape Should have good build and be into leather, evis or uniforms. Box 402 GERMAN SLAVE 30/61/18D www

able for use abuse in December 80 feed reol hard and though leather master. Frank Seifert, Positisch 1000 Berlin 62, West Germany

APO/SF, SM, 35, 5'8", 165 'bs, semi-musculer, short hair, return to the States in April '80. Looking for aggressive, masculina, 25-45, with will ingness to try new things. No ferms, fats 80x 256.

SIRI Wim slave, 33, 5'11", 150 lbs.
7" cut, trim beard and moustache seeks Master for serious training. Am seeks wester for serious training, Am obedient, respectful, quick lierner, goodlooking, masculine and need to be brought to my knees in service. Bob. 256 S Robertson No. 3089, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, Can travel. W/m, mascuine, husky hunk, 49 6'3 235 lbs vr e experenced

thermen, etc reply to Box 170 SAN FRANCISCO good ook ng un

cul stud. Seeks dominant butch un formed law man, cycle cop, leather man SS or Gestapo types for hess trips, discipline, submission, madoctor C&B Witchcraft and a far other outrageous farout things that we will talk about Aroma, etc. No one who doesn't know where 's head is. Please, Sir Box 167

Find your DRLMMER in Drumbse's

LOS ANGELES, M, w/m, 34, 5' 7' smarth, shim, good body, 125 lbs interigent goodlooking im looking to intelligent S. I NEED to serve My man and expect eventually only be imitations my Master has for me Esserally ike to service others for need to be me to properly you y need to be serie YOU Box 280:

TITS AND ASS 405 ANGELES, 40s, stocky hairy body shaved head wants bur warm er and warmees for long, reciprocal spanking tretit-p riching, enemas, and more Prefer mature, clean non-smokers who'd rather do it than talk about it, want to expand limits

for both of us. Box 709. Big-titled stud seeks big worked on hipples Box 19

LOS ANGELES, S. 45, 5'6". 135 lis, solid muscular, magaziline stud, 7 but: looking for masculine, or muscular man under 55, white Not interested I wouldn't walk down the

COLORADO

ATHER TRAININ is experienced agriberman to anual a wice beginner or advanced or lifetime-live birs. Mester will support efforts to athieve physical, pareer, educational and feathersex goals! Instructor c/o

CONNECTICUT

M young 40, white, 143 fbs., masc. to not intelligent and at ease in the straight world, offers self for un-bed sessions of light (at first) SMM BBD, it and ass work, and hore are sharing with Experienced Right (at first) similar age and height prefer will not paunchy, masc, attractive looks alert mind, seeking partner to role as slave. Nost be able to gute beyond sack and cellar as well hod, and beard, communicative sortrol before shuse, spanking/belt king groups, and enjoy most arts, kinming, walking, skiing, good con wisahon, cooking, good design, and need training. enending, and affection. Limits un n but no real damage please Heavy drugs/drinking rights, manic sadists pain, snobs withou gyerweights. U timate goe unserfish devo the privacy, your save, in public, which compan on. Live temp tentral CT but in NYC a lot Your eter and photo (if poss.) bring mine, Sr Bax 8000

OLEST Emerging M, 39, wishort on har ramble doking 51' M2 bas, game 65', clean shaven, shy good mind, macruline, is ready to do more than dobble. Needs an ma igent, experienced Master, 35-45) so, to ead the way. The body's ming, strong bond or thist essen-el. No soot, extreme pain, heavy dustrianting I'm newish to this able uit know I belong Do you eat me Sirish we central CT hito appreciated but not essential

\$ 30 6'11', 180 lbs., husky, harry, 8 pt, masculine, firm, seeks clean to aleve, 18 35, white, slim or egipler, into bondage and discipits, toys, willing to serve and obey. STAMFORD S with bull who quires total obedience. Have 9%' to forcefeed your mouth or ass Only interested in real men over 20 Box 579

SM, 45, 6'3", 190 lbs , 8" cut, well used ass, looking for tall, well built well hung studs. Box 965

IST, OF COLUMBIA WASHINGTON DE AREA 11 38

1 160 bs 30 vs. runner/weightlifter Wel built

NEED TO BE CONTROLLED? S, 6', 51, 185 lbs, will train slave any age with good body, firm buns Macculing looks a must Box 704

FLORIDA SOUTHWEST FLORIDA. S. 38

5'7", 140 lbs , crewcut, constructed worker, into feather, levis, boot levis, boots bikes, cigers, aroms, etc. Likes kinky icenes. Am masculine and hung Need service from mesculine, cock

FT LAUDERDALE, S. 43, 5'7%"
160 lbs., 7" cut, big bells and big hands looking for FF wide receivers No scat or heavy pain trips. Demand ing but considerate Box 258 TALLAHASSEE w/m, 24, 5'9", 165 lbs., wants to be trained to serve a master's needs. L/L, uniforms, har nesses. Box 474

HAJBY MACHO MEN If you're into funky, hot, awasty sax and are hairy, rugged, rough masters write me and tell me what you would do to me This good iseve can travel and can receive Als specializing in WS S&M 880 specializing in WS Salva con-rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr Right

Attractive, stable intelligent men, mid 20s, white, has been exploring sado masochism several years, wents similar man to mid 30s for honest continuing weekend explorations. Must have come to an understanding that mutual exploration, support respect, and care are requeste to building the trust and love central Honest only with a sense of should reply Confidential humor should reply Confidential thd expects the same Central South Florida. Prefer Top/bottom man Florida. Box A37

MOTORCYCLE COPS Muscular hairy stud, 8°, 165 lbs. wants to correspond with motor FT LAUDERDALE Massume goodlooking Top with firm but gentle style seeks candidates for

bondage Want to eat from your dog bowl and riding crop If

uncut thick cock, hanging balls, a you are very strict in your demands Pease contact me 3m 39 5 19

GEORGIA HAIRY, 155 lbs., 5'11".

HAIRT, 100 lbs., 511, 22 Williams of Jucking & fucking for fucking Seeks same. Robbins, 98 Peachtree. Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093

ATLANTA MS Adultur 34 5'8" 135 lbs, white, good body, level head, experienced Looking for men over 25 into B&D, suspension, tit take charge, but prefer not to. Respect for Box 714

HONOLULU, SM, 42, 6'4", stender a hairy, 6" cut, big balls. Top welling to experience being bottom Very same. clean, No fats, freaks.

160 lbs blone Hot to DAHO, 26, leather, white, 6'1 looking Hot to learn with othe goodlooking guys, 18 30s, with same bigger or thicker cocks. Travel Wyo ming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Itana No fats, fems, scat. Box 807 TRAVELING DOMINANT

S, 38, 5'11" 200 lbs. husky, 7" cut, looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops (can switch for the worthy master) Into toys, groups, promises am always horny No fats, bondage, am always horny No fems, WS, drugs or heavy pain

Writer needs input for

Der Fledermaus says my fiction lacks authenticity tell me the S&M 'do's' and 'do Brian O'Hera, 4321 W 95t Oak Lawn IL 60453 'do's' and ''don't's ' 4321 W 95th St.

CHICAGO, 31, 5'9", 145 lbs., white sleve seeks Black Master who likes to whip and fuck a hot white ass and balls and likes to hogile and piss on a naked white slave PO Box on a naked white slav 6348 Chicago, IL 60680

SPRINGFIELD, 5, 54, 5'8". 160 lbt, looking for slave 21'50, white only An experienced, respectful of limits, but can be aither extrainely sadistic or gentle, based on slaves endurance Must be clean Box 382

VANSTON, S. Scorpio, 48, 5'11" 170 lbs., white, 6" knowledgeable turned on by high heavy boots and wents slave with same strong in slaves. Limits respected, no drugs Bert, 2423 Ridgeway Ave , Evanston IL 60201

be kept naked and shaved Must be into light S&M, B&D, WS Must

INDIANA ATTENTION SEAVE

demanding and experienced Heavy into S&M and 8&D Total servitude. 29 w/m. slave must be ready to serve com pletely. My slave must be capable of

NDIANAPOLIS M, 49, 5'10" 170 ack in Saaks sincere bring out the best try anything once. Can travel to sur rounding states, No brood and no

KENTUCKY

MASTER SEEKS S. AVE LEXINGTON, S. 38, 5'11" lbs, experienced in all scenes. limits considered Most have timits considered Must have body and have your head on if ready, write n

LOUISIANA

NEW O seeking king obedient, willing ve, 2148 for mutua irm but respects imits MONROE 33, white, 6', 175 lbs seeks w/m, 25-40 Am pringrily M

bondage Will assume S role for pro MAINE

a fantasy? Want

thern Maine woods into all scenes groups, FF, WS, J/O, tit and ball

BALTIMORE AREA, M. novice. . 180 lbs., 6" cut, seeks sincere understanding, experienced and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn Some US traver, Box 128.

ares. SM (either role), into L/L, WS CBT/T, B&O strap, FFA, no sca Apply with picture stating desire: Frequent visitor to Chicago, L.A.

HAGERSTOWN W/M, 35, 6'1 , 170 lbs , bodybuilder looking for other

NOVICE w/m, 24, needs

Into all scenes except scat Need train my body and CAPE COD S. 52, 6', Taurus, 200

CAPE COD S, 52, 6, 130-22, 200 lbs, well-muscled, tough, uncut into 88.D, WS, shaving, FF and a kinds of anal entry enems and other shorts. Sasks white slave, 18-40 totally subm as ve, for prolonged long term service. No drugs, tats, or tems pro onged immobilization, butt a buse, body whipping No crybables files, or thrill-seekers need app v craves punishment, abuse, humilia tion, and expects nothing but pain torneet, and discomfort in return Box 790

BOSTON Bearded w/m, mid 30; versatile and imaginative, 5'9", 15 lbs., uncut, havy body, turned on by til work, w/s, ass work, and foot scking Seeks men of same interests Willing to expand Box 840

DR. IMMER 20

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN, 46, 5'9" 160 lbs., seeks L/L partners over 25 Beards or moustaches a plus. Box

MICHIGAN

WAYNE COUNTY AREA, white slave, 21, needs Master, any race, any age. Into anything and every thing. No limits. You call all the shots. Ready and willing, Sir. Box 826

DETROIT Muscular rower. 23 wants to tuck the development out of the two thinds of the total than the two terms of the two ter

Buttom, strength acting/appearing, in to SAM, 880, atc. secses, little ignor, worst a like Top looking for adaptable partner. Leaf-Virgo, clean-cut young looking 41, 95°, 146° and the secses of the

NORTHERN MICHIGAN FLEXIBLE MASTER seeks adapt able pertner into weekend bondage and discipline assirons in wilderness setting Limits respected Confidentiality assured and expected, All reples considered, Box 152

TAYLOR, MS, Capricorn, 24, 5' 10", 165 lbs., white, 6½", novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S Will serve Master totally Box 261

DETROIT w/m, 34, 5°5°, 135 lbs good body, heiry and bind lespace at y thick) needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive reast with good tight bodies to age 40 FF, bonddege, toys end good times. No last or fams, Here or there Photo preferred Box 351, Farmington, MI 48024

SOUTHFIELD, 46, 6', 160 lbs. German S, muscular, 7" uncut. seeks nowice who would be interested in exploring and growing, with limits respected No drugs, fats, fem; Harriess body, tight physique a plus Box 468

ANN ARBOR, SM, 39, B'7", 165 bs. 6" cut, semi-muscular, seeks adaptable partine, under 45, who is sensual as well as horney, not afraed to give and take asike Into law icather. No pain, dirt, fats, or emotions grobblems. Box 204.

MINNESC

TOILET FACE SITTING
MINNEAPOLIS, SM, Taurus, 31,
511' 7", bearded Battom for pres
8 seat I love leather and kinky
scanes, looking for filth freak Into
shaving, light S&M, B&D, Itt work
Can also go top, Wrise AI, Box 476,
M nespolis, MN 55440

MATE FOR LIFE/ALL U.S. Abrupt, obseng, white, weathered, Abrupt, obseng, white, weathered, thorthered, whistered, greying exitor, M. St., 510", 170 lbs, will the with, worship, and suck one French passive white S. 40 70, boots, levis, feather, w/s, stc. Farmers, cowboys, uniformed layemen, hard hats, executives, other welcome. Will relocate Box A16

MPLS Would like to meet men who I ke to fuck, are into bondage. Cowboys, truckers, all Men who are well hung and know what they went, No fats. Box 825.

MASTER WANTED

Minneapolis White, 25-yr, hand

some, phaseman 25-yr, hand

some, phaseman 25-yr, hand

some, phaseman 25-yr, hand

some phaseman 25-yr, hand

dark bard hot & horry, 72-yr,

some phaseman 25-yr, hand

some phaseman 25-yr,

some

MISSOURI

ST LOUIS w/m, 61", 165 lbs., 8" uncut, very hairy all over, know ledgeable, masculine, dominent and aggrassive vet quiet, straight acting and appearing, seeks other hairy mesculine dudes into mutual give and take working over cock, tiet, bulls, aspholes with uniforms, jocks. No scat or shaving Any age, eager to explore, 80x 886.

Jacob L. of Missours Plaese, Sir

MONTANA

Leather master will instruct you using street monastic obsidence, hu-miration, discipline, pentence, power, libbor, silense, clositate, discovery, libbor, silense, clositate, discovery and street, and street,

NEBRASKA

Comhisker maverick needs taming 54", lasther-level, orienzer than hell listed before the contract than hell listed before the contract of the contract man enough to break mt. Box 496 OMAHA, S. 37, 5"11", 175 list entering scine Looking for clean cut within M to 30, positionand and who story being domained and discrets, you must be sense Personal character smoothant. We Personal character smoothant the Personal character smoothant the 200 221.

NEW JERSEY

62", 185 lbs., harry, knowledge other mex-uner dominant and suggest size Martin and the common and suggest size Martin and the common and suggest size Martin and the common and the commo

HE-MAN STUDS ONLY Generous guy gives complete oral service. Lay back and relax. Very drazreet and safe for marrieds. Note with photo. P.O. Box 342, Pine Brook NJ 07058

NEW YORK

11", 150 lbs., blond, into light to heavy S&M, B&D, WS, T/T, C/B Abuse, shaving, piercing, nailing, wax, scat, whips, crops, leather Box 2874, Syracuse, NY 13220.

WRESTLERS - LEVI'S S/M
pen, tough, victous, ruthless stud,
29, w/m, 6'2", wants to heer from
same type dudes, all ages. Into noholids barred fighting, kicking, punching, and squeezing a guy's nuts, etc.
Exchange info, seas, or meet Box

EASTERN LONG ISLAND Expersenced, versatile Master seeks hot
slaves needing bondage, discipling,
humdiation, chains, whisps, tit for
ture, ball work, or whatbever Respect lemits but am firm Evenings,
all night sessions. Begging letters
with bare chested photos get reply.
Novices acceptable 80x 980.

TATTOCED & PIERCED, 43, 6'3"
165 fbs., interested in open, maicufine w/m, 30-50, not heavily into booze or drugs. Box 452

MANHATTAN, S, 35, 6'4", blonde Have 6'3" muscular stave, 30 Am ac capting applications for second slews Must submit to heavy S&M, B&L and video taping. If you are young muscular, and sitractive, send photo with qualifications at once Box 673 EXPAND MY LIMITS

EXPAND MY LIMITS
Tattooed and ringed M, 34, seeks
Sadist Into befts, paddles, cats,
whips, hot wax, weights Marks
cheerfully accapited Write Occupant, 100 Bank Street, No. 5A,
NYC, NY 10014

NYC, m, 43, 6'4", 210 lbs., 6%" cut Needs immobile bondage, toys from creative Master Sensitive cockbells and tits need to be worked on Good S can expend my limits, Box 989

STRAP & BOARD NYC, 6'2", 30, hot guy with strap and board seeks similar guys for lick tradin' fun. Phone Box 821.

into pain, cock, ball and tit forfure, humiliation, bondage, pie, discolline, humiliation, bondage, pie, discolline, ONLY need to bere soue. If your ONLY need to be to serve your Mater write with telephone, address and a

Obedient, w/m, 21, 5', 160, Need forceful master to tach me the forceful master to tach me the construction of the constructio

NEW YORK, Caprecorn, 37, 519".
180 lbs., into total permanent leather encasement with all senses and functions controlled into heavy schools. In the permanent leather encasement with all senses the permanent leather encasement with the head for the permanent leather lead. Also into exploring playing top role with the right pury. Box AZZ KINGSTON. Goodlooking blonde,

KINGSTON Goodlooking blonde, 27, 67, 160 lbs, 7° cut, into leather, uniforms, B&D, light S&M Seeks leathermen for hot scenes, mutual experimentation. Will answer all, those with photo and phone first. Travels within state Box A36

Master wented to expand my limits Sleve is mid-30s, 515°, 138, with mustache and ringed tits. Need master to supervise program to fletten my stomach, to alternate discipline and pain with affection. Box 712, New York, NY 10011

satile, 35, 5

UNIFORM LEATHERM ASTER
unto light to 43, tren, will enlist adjustant/bat
19, 171, G/B man who understands personal valor
cing, nailing, and prade in bending his back and
ops, legither
baring his ass in discupline, service
if 13220, and submission Box AST
in 13220.

N Y C. W/M, 33, 5'10', 165 lbs. tattooed, muscular, crew cut, all man merchant marine wants voy-ex-ratic lockercoom scenes with naccissatic myclamen Will trevel LS for right heads and bodies. Box 813.

for right heads and bodies. Box 813.

NYC FOOT SLAVE, 28, 6'1', 180
lbs. br/br, very attractive, masculine and friendly Gr. A/P, Fr A/P, wishes to meet together, lorge-footed foot master to explore ultimate deaths of the control of

Fig. 100 Ac 8 X8

Flot uniform and leather men has hed it doned Interested in connecting a series of the connecting study. Don't answer if you haven't had it done Exchange information, kleas, photos. 80x 405F.

NYC M, 22, 5'10", 150 lbs, seeke Leathermaster into S&M, B&D, TT, and W/S Box 809. NEW YORK CITY, Sadir', ex-

military, 29, butch, bodyburder seeks hot well-burl torture anims for heavy pain, physics abuse, total toilet and body service Box A18 SEX AGENARIANI

SEX AGENARIANI
Libra, M. 63": 170 lbs., mid-60's
white-haired, blue-eyed man of distinction type, would serve muscu et
mesculine male of any age or rice,
who erjoys magnative games with
oder man 4vil do almost enything
for right partner. Box 290X
VERY STRICT

NYC Leather Master 30, 5: 170 fbs. 7' Leather Master 10, 170 fbs. 7' Leather 10, 170 fbs. 7'

PICCY FAUNCH Versatile MVC Chaises w/m, Scorpan, 33, 87", 130 lbs, 7" cut, for uninhibited cennes. Heavy ass play IFF), L/L, W/S, earl, locks, sweet, oil, shawing, citi, c/b torrus, book, end, shawing, citi, c/b torrus, book, end, shawing, titl, c/b torrus, book, end, shawing, titl, citi, c/b torrus, book, end, shawing, titl, citi, c/b common shawing to suplementations and search shawing to suplementations of the shawing shawi

WRESTLERS STREET FIGHTERS 28, 6°2", 190, w/m, Topman wants to meet submissive young dude into no-holds-barred, L/L, jock, wrist-tling. Also want to heer from other Tops into seme. Box 804A

LNIFORNED CIGAR SMOKE R
NYC. Hot stud in uniform or fol
eather, 37, 8°, 176 lbs., thick 8°
cut Short blonde hair, beard, Heavy
cigar smoker, 1° nipples, tottoo
into finitise scenes with well-rough
men interested in boots, uniforms,
diddoes. Write with photos. Box 984
GREENWICH VILLAGE, S, Tauris,
46, 59°, 172 lbs., 6° uncut, whits,
experienced, Tustworthy, imagine
experienced, Tustworthy, imagine

tive master seaks serious mitche lesther/levi pertner to 48 with resonable endurance, into S&M, sprest-eagle bondage, dog discipline ke extremas. Limits respected, expended No fams, fats, fakes. Sand appropriately submissive raply. Box 185R

NYC S, Taurist, 49, 6', 170 lbs, w/m, 7" novice, demands contact by dark hairy slave, black or white, Must have large cock and desire to display and PLAY Box 153P

BuFFALO, w/m, 42, 811%", 174 bs, uniforms, leather, levis. Novice, bit wants to learn. Will answer all, taxel 80x 715.

SUPER HEAVY S&M Way out and wild S&M given to hot young sleve by brutal, well-equipped Master Real m's send photo, age, experence to Box 12-R, c/o Room 503, 147 West 42nd St., New York,

BUFFALO, w/m, 27, 5'9", 185 lbs, 7" uncut, SM, Aquarian, speks knowledgeable master into L/L who sepectful of imits Aminto S&M Detc Master in 1 ght leather, tall shed boots and into bikes are trun on Are you ready to train Send photo and phone for promat reply Box 40486 Y

NEW YORK, Arvan, 47, 5'8' Arits/Taurus cusp, into motorcycles, boots, police uniforms tattoos and interested in corresponding stocky clgar smoking macho 40 plus, Box 625

NORTH CAROLINA stave, 27, heavy prolonged

Sex secondary behind experi encing expanding pain, Have equipment, Box 70759, Ft. Bragg, NO

OH10 SLAVE WANTED Couple, 29 and 35 looking for slave and houseboy Write to 8/9 Dover St., Warren, OH 44485, Be

Hot young white Misster, 23, new to Claveland, 6', 165 lbs., 8'', excep-sional mind, meet, looks, body. sould like to meet hot, in Coverand area. Write with phased phone and limits to SIR, P. Box 16418, C. sveland, OH 44116 WANTED Dominant white Y to with mustable and hairly body. Am agreement white male, Birst, with mustable Am into BrD, W/S, light SM and hasys tit action. No fats, birs, or F/F Write The Javis. Box

BOOT, OVER, 27, 5'7", 137 lbs., looking for neat guy into Frye Boots but wants me to lick them and curn

CLEVELAND MS Aries, 48, 5'10" late heavy S&M or B O Rox 17V DAYTON S, 35, 5'11", 155 lbs.

wax no, demanding, considerate masthe save should have average tooks, be under 30, and into the he bid as well as the physical. Son

COLUMBUS, SM, Virgo, 40, 5'9" 183 lbs. white, 6'4", baker, leather, lbr, mutual satisfaction for macho,

OKLAHOMA

**ILLWATER, 38, 5'9", 190 lbs., stut, ax-poice looking for other officers and ex-officers into policing, poice leathers, uniforms, hoope, and cycle cops as a lifestyle. No lass, overly fat, fems, or drugs

MOUTH JOCK A unique trip, Let your big soft cock and balls be strapped into my sensuous mouth pouch! Hunky cow boy, 33, 6'2", solid body, 7%" loose balls, into western wear, mitary, police uniforms, athletes, seeks men with similar interests. B 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154

STILLWATER, SM, 36, 5'9" lbs, 8" uncut, ex-police officers looking for other officers, ex-officers. fats, drugs, fems, scat. Discreet Box 45

OREGON

aggressive top. Dig ass beating, restive top on series, toys, tok kinky scenes Am 31, 62

ITTSBURGH AREA MASTER 45 5.8 155 lbs, ciger smoker, Itali eather requires submissive slaves under 6 Fully equipped durgeon heavy scenes. Want real submis sive men, no phonies oung novices considered for permasprvitude ordered to send photo and letter of PITTSBURGH, S, 44, w/m, 6

185 lbs., hairy chest, 7" uncut year USMC Into B&D, leath levis Wants masculine stud w leather understands submission and service willing to give his body for my

WOODSHED DISCIPLINE Bare-assed spankings given/taken by discreet 48, 5'8", 155 lbs. Send letter and photo to John, Box letter and photo to John, 21312 Philadelphia, PA 19126

PHILADELPHIA I do not hesitate to tell you I am a sensitive Mester Men come to me for many reasons love, friendship, guidence, training Some come and go. The knowing en return for my grasp, my mas I stress complete psychological tary I stress complete psychological discipline and devotion. Warning, strict as I am sensitive 35, bear ded, 5'10", trim, handsome Open ings only for senous slaves & novices age 40. Photo and respects to D'Ortenzio, P.O. Box 2202, Phila delphia, PA 19103

are a muscular, straight appearing M who needs to submit to the abusive control of a total Man. Your first step is a letter of submission with pictures begging for my attention Box 802

DUNGAREED MEN

Philadelphia white slave, a your 42, slim, wants to be "kidnapped by dirty dungareed rugged mer with trucks who will use me as labor and to serve their sweaty dungarees rugged bodies all

HARRISBURG, M. 160 lbs., 28, white slave looking for master, 21 45, no fakes, fats, fems, uglys 21 45, no fakes, Into WS, 8&D. WS, B&D, jock straps, ton verbal humiliation, public worship. Make me your dog with collar and leash I will obey or else. Will go to NY, Philadelphia, Baltimore or DC 80x 959

FOOT SERVICE I know how to please. 5'6", 32, 140 lbs., w/m, will worship your feet/ Moustache a plus, beards O.k

SCRANTON, M., Gemini, white, 47, 5'6", 154 lbs., 6", intelligent novice seeks understanding, affectionate Master lany aget who will respect and expand limits. Am adventurous and pretty solid. Any race okay, 80x 964.

WILKES BARRE, S, Cencer, 41, 61 170 lbs. white, 12" Experience 170 lbs., white, 12' Expermilitary disciplinarian with stockade 20 years military Experienced 20 years military expen seeks prisoners, ners to experienced, for penal disci-pline. Scene is of primary impor-tance. Steel bondage, cells, cages heavy physical exercise used Will train beginners. No fems, fats, Box

RHODE ISLAND

applications from leather heavy group action S&M, B&D stc Must be 25 to Photo a must, will receive return. Sox 51, Norwood

SOUTH CAROLINA

M, 25, white, 5"10", 145 lbs., into fucking and fist-fucking freceiving), pss. S&M (whipping, tit & ball for domination, levis, boots. verbal abuse, leather Seeks meetings/corres th aggressive Tops/Mas pondence with aggressive Tops/Masters in USA, Europe, Canada Aus

cut cock, sweety balls and crotch but respect limits. You preciate the above, being submis sive, w/s, dirty talk, verbal abuse I/o, worshipping, se-value and ex-veling in my crotch I demand ex-plicit letter telling me about your fate phonies, You

FT WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 195 lbs., 7" uncut, German Aquarius is looking for slave. Should be know redgeable, clean, not into drugs boots, and leather scat, w/s. Box 059D Not into FE

COWBOY MASTER W/M, 24, 170 lbs , looking for sleves into heavy B&D, WS, C-B, boot wor ship or anything else I order Ap plication with photo will be considered Box A1?

DALLAS 41 and out for kinky fun tit, and ass play spankings, bonds and wis Enclose photo. 18 to white only Box 987

FIST FUCK RAPE Serious Top Men contact Larry in Houston, Box 981 AUSTIN W/M, 36, 5'8 145 lbs. bearded Into cut/uncut, light S&M

Dearond. Into CUTAINCUI, Ingist S&M, LLT, jockstraps, gym shorts, FF, ball fucking, diddoes, total ass in volvement. Will try uniforms, W/S, B&D, slave role. No fats, feris, acat, blood, torture, or merks. Can be Top, bottom, mutual Photo/ phone sets mmediate raply. Box

TOTAL MASTER

Bodybuilder, 37, 6', handsome, into everything, wants total slave who knows his only place in life is to serve me. You'll be shaved, kept naked and cared for No limits. No excuses

HOUSTON MASTER, 45, w/m, 5' 11", 175 ibs, gentle but firm, ex-ceptions applications Slave, you must be masculine, well-propor toned olded ent willing to serve nexperence OK, you will be trained. respected Write questions you have NOW Include can trave? Box 633

DALLAS 5'8", 150 lbs., 27 years old, likes to be wrestled down, roped and gagged by muscular captor for total tight prolonged bondage

feet for unusual ass play, seeks slaves who are serious about their role and want a fetime in S&M Box 476

Free to travel USA Interests include but not limited to leather and rub-ber clothing and footweer and re-lated items, MC police uniform (breeches and boots). Most sinxibus to correspond with and possibly meet other individuals with simila interests regardless of geograph callocation of current residence Box

EAGER TO LEARN HOUSTON area w/m, 32, 59", 160 lbs, willing to do anything for some one who will teach and train. Like moustaches, trimmed beards he ry

VIRGINIA

NVA SAG, 31, 5'9", 180 bs. B" cut, white, good body, seeks white muscular athretes or mili Put your muscles with mine for mutual enjoyment Box A40. desires to meet master to explore bondage and light S&M Willing leather, ropes upper shaving prolonged bondage

have gameroom and toys, No WS FF, fats, pain, hard drugs, damage Prefer white military under 35 Must respect firmits. Include phone number WASHINGTON

6'2", 188 lbs., lookin' for some athletic competition in Seattle Col-legiste, pro, submission, no-holds legiate, pro, submission, no-holds barred, I'll take ya on. Only serious SEATTLE AREA, FF top and/or bottom looking for good times. Loving first, trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys, into uniforms sports (if you know what I meen) am hot for truckers, cowboys and lesthermen Am 5'11", 170 bs., husky, 9" uncut. Bax 698

TACOMA Houseboy wanted no ex-perience necessary, will train, Prefer small or medium build age unimpor

WEST VIRGINIA

10" cut, Looking 18.35, muscular and halriess pre-ferred nice ass, who wents his tits worked over Box 736

D R-U M-R-E-A-T-S FOR LESS MONEY

WISCONSIN

M LWAUKEE, M, 6'8%", 146 bs white, hairy chest, nowce needs in struction in B&C, WS, S&M, etc. from Master who will show me my limits and respect them and teach me my role. No heavy drugs, fats, fems scat. Photo greatly appreciated Box 837.

MILLYAUKEE W/M. 28, 61", 170 bt., 10", tasking Master/Lover 16-10 ton-thip with w m 18-29 yrs. Must be patient end understanding as I en new to this scene. Will answer all with front letter State your demands end send with photo to Box 973.

M _WAUKEE Two kinky guys 50 6 8". 8" master, and 27 51". 8" save good bu lds, into FF, WS, fuck lng sucking, niercing, S&M, seeking third person with stud horse to show his big cock up our asses or other sommal sex Ed & Pat, PO Box 1366 Mithweukes, WI 53201

WISCONSIN Continue your Drum mer eterests. Your bottom lantasies des res, and limit explored in writing or possibly in person. Sincerity, not separance only requirement. Box 808.

WISCONSIN Out of state and for eigh college or grad students, missing that firm hand of authority? Perhaps we can discause and arrange to resolve those frustrations. Box B10

WYOMING

Looking for metho partner with 3 to 12" who wants to retire to the country Spend a week or a lifetime riding, fishing, camping and screwng. Will take care of all needs Sand photo and frank letter to Box A43

CONTACT

E_EGANTEXTRACTS
The neubnwide club for men into giving and/or receiving enemas, Send name age to Elegent Extracts Sox 449 D NYC, NY 10014

A trateratry for man who dig bare leet, boots, shoes, socks, treakers leather, levis and other clothing who wish to contact others with the same nierosts. For information write Foot Frateratry, Box 3385, San Francisco CA 94119.

INTERCHAIN FOR MEN OF LEA THER, Levis, S&M, Bodybuilding For information write Box 410, 132 West 24th Street, NYC, NY 10011 Answer Now!

CIGAR SMOKERS
Hot, mesculine man who smokes and
gets turned on to cigars wants contacts with men of same interest
P O Box 20604, Seattle, WA 98102

CASTRATION
Facts, history, Arabian, WWII, China
American Indian, Present Time Ex
change papers, drawings, correspon
dence, P.O. Box 1528, Brooklyn

S&M, 9&D, WS, FET(SHES Find one who shares your interest Read SMADS Send \$2 for sample copy State over 21 Box 712, New York, NY 10011 (100 Bank, 5A)

Our new 1981 catalog is now austiable, offering you a piece in the sun-Just Men's avenimeer is designed for the male body that is always or the go. Send \$100 to Just Men 275 West 39th Street, New York NY 10018 Retail store endourse. GAYS M SUPPORT ORG

Toming in NYC Contacts, socials,

Toming in NYC Contacts, socials,

Toming in NYC Contacts, socials,

Toming in NYC Contacts,

Brian (2172) 243 3332 after 6 pm

REAR FRENCHMEN OF AMERICA

The Nationwide International organic

Send name, age to RFA, Box 537,

New York, NY 10011

IRANIAN CUBANS

18.8 5107 '29.8 162 Be., 17", wants

10. fight, wrestle, spank, cockfight,

10. dominance with 18.28 lonly!

Young arrogant dudes the best

10. date challenges from young chall

10. take the challenges from young chall

FEET SHOES SOCKS
If you're into feet, socks, boots, sneeks, or any kind of foot-thing, sind SASE gets you turn-on application to International Newsetter Chock, Suite 72, 304 Steiner, San Francisco CA 94117

The Nationwide/International organization for men into feet, sucks boots, etc. Send name, age to Foot man, Box 741-D, New York, NY 10004

Correspond with end meet guys who are super-endowed John my CLUB SEVEN/FEEVEN, America's largest correspondence club for the gay and tribranual ment of complete details. Sam Bernson, Box 1049-AP, Sun Valley, CA 91352

"THE TOILET"
\$1 Flushes an Application
\$3 Flushes a Tissue Sample
\$10 Flushes a Full Rod
with or without your own listing
Write John H 433 Doublas Street
San Francisco, CA 94114

Action-packed audio cessette One full hour on Maxell Tage, \$8 50 Get your toys and grease out for this mone! BLACK ELASTIC COCK RING, \$2 50 DIRTY JOCKSTRAP, \$5 50 All three items for \$15 00 Please state you are over 21, Call residents add 60 % siles tax TEE PEE PRODUCTION, Sox 440, and Long, CA 54444 (\$180 Sulf-Maxel).

S to XL 30 captions Sex. Fun Trash. Christmas Birthday Etc \$6.50 each. For catalogue send 50c to D.S.C. P.O. Box 6306, Jerse City, NJ 07306 (2600 Kennedy

MAIL ORDER

A serve of GENITAL'S downers by Charles R four erote close as the art cards on heavy nock. Each card measures 5'x85's inches and comes with its own matching envelope. An unusually enote and explicit series by an extremely talented artist. A Brochurs available on request Proper Exposure, 246 Clinton Park, San Francisco, CA 94103.

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE Gauntlet Gloves, brown or black, South African Cape leather, genuine, exceptional quality from official Canadian supplier Rare Livited offer State size \$120 Celebrations, 724 Fillmore St., Sm Francisco, CA 94117 VOIL CANT BE ALI DRIUMREATS.

EXPLICIT TOILET TRAINING GUIDE What it takes to be a full service to let Tips for trainers Man-hungry, hot, thirty action State over 21 \$7 to K Gregory, 1442A Walnut St, No. 255, Berkeley CA 94709

into manking? S&M? B&O? \$4 gets
10-sage catalog of the finest in origina
10-sage catalog of the providence, HI
10-sage catalog of the "Dadder" and
reserve our catalog for the "Dadder" and
reserve our catalog for the "Dadder", "Dadder
reserve our catalog for the "Dadder", "Dadder
serve our catal

Fun. funky, frask equipment for practical classifiers and discipline Full line of other as priented toys, Catalogue S1, Art Hamflinn, 315 West 4th S1, New York, NY 10014

If you exail like to pick up the phone and have a hot young dude entettan You, get a copy of my SPEC At BULLETIN Describes over 250 m se modes and me excur services in 34 cities deliant when the get of the property of the services of the servi

numbers given for every listing List updated monthly. For your copy send \$5 to Sam Harrison 641 North

S./M. B/D OUESTIONNAIRE
Find our what that hot guy you just
met really wants. 10 page quis
reconsiste developed by experience
all aspects of leathersix experience
and desires. 11 could goen new
horzons for you! Only \$8.00 post
paid D Shackelford 2918 N Clark,
Chropp, IL 60657

EROTICA

Cards, posters, reproductions and
limited edition art books that show
case exceptional gay erotics. To be
put on our mailing list send three
dollars to PROPER EXPOSURE
246 Clinton Park, San Francisco,
CA 94103

18" BLACK LOGGER BOOTS Lace up to toe, thick leather construction, Super Lug or Spike soles available. Any size or width, many styles westable Write to Jan, Box 23764, San Jose, CA 95123. Include 25c for mailing list.

The California lieux now insid that survivoe conducting a mail order business, or offering interns for sale through the mail and using a post interest of the sale and the sal

AUSTRALIA

OBEDIENT PISS BOY
Australiam Mester has piss slave
available for discipline, training
Slave 135, 6°2", 11 stone) visiting
USA 1981 Would make good toilet
to black or white Master requiring
full body service, are cleaning, etc.

MELBOURNE, M, 42, 6'3", 190 lbs., 7" cut, seeks topmen, 25-45, hung, macho, well built. Am willing to experiment, but my limits should be respected Box 268.

The biggest collection of sure things two bits can buy!

CANADA

MONTREAL Cral slave, 48, white, 5'9", 165 lbs, gives complete mouth and tongue service to macho under 35. Also into worshipping, WS, facetting, feet, V.A., humilations, punshments, exposure Will be in \$F. & L.A. in October 80. Robert Box 974.

VANCOUVER BC Mester, white main, 20 of eag STD*, 165 Bz, 85° cut, attractif French Canadian Cobung for slave White under 30 of age give me complete submis soon follow set afficial daily walling to relocate (America nione Comedient), pecture and details will coustype only, 80x A32°.

VANCOUVER Leether and boot lowing cowboy also into motorcycle unflowns seeks like mindled muscular stud for permenent relationship I'm 39, handsome, fun-lowing, yet peri ous. Will stand by my pertner no matter what Box A31

TORONTO, W/M, 28, 511", 140

TOPONTO, W/M, 28, 511" 140 bs. 7" out, stim, bearded, smooth, good-ooking, into Gr, Fr front and rear, beer pas, scat, reunchy cox seps, discose pot, army, mild Saw, new so pury 26-38, must have at least 6" cock, no fast chuge Gox 812" ONY ARIO. 26, 140 bs. 58" 8.

t ONTARIO, 26, 140 lbs., 5/8", 6 / ct.i semimuscula M looks for musculine, a we built masculine semi-under 40, veilthurg, white or Black Prevenel desire to terve, here we will be to be t

5 d.5 boll** 1800 the sender to core harvy, 8° cut, sien disposition and the sender between the sender between the sender sender sender to consider and extended to be sender the sender sender the sender should be sender the sender should be sender the sender the sender should be willing to experiment with mild Self-, 86 d. y. S. and toys Box 23 Box 23 Box 20 Box 25 Box 2

Have pad (604) 921 7721 DENMARK

DENMARK SLAVE GEFERED

Dansh matter seaks Matter to code effect his slave varing New York for 2 weeks in mich-howember. The steep is 6', slim, A', beardes well hung purced and cen lake anything F a strong personality and rich festiary. The few limits must be respected it just went him back in one pincel Rephy with princt or P Westerseard. Premark-endinger 3460 Birkered Demmark-endinger 3460 Birkered Demmark-endinger 3460 Birkered

ENGLAND

LONDON, Leather guy, 6'2", 170 Rbs, white, 7", very active, strictly top. Wants to meet groovy, muscu as sleves who know how to serve a real sleves who know how to serve a real tops. The strictly strictly are strictly as the strictly strict

MIDDLESEX, 37, 5'10", 145 lbs, 7" cut, medium build, short herringsculine, seeks seme, over 30, imaginative, into leather/uniforms or levis, hung Am into good S&M bondage, fisting, whipping, diktoles. Box 383

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

OXFORD Knowledgeable M, 37, 510" 160 lbs., into leather, rubber, denim, Has good tongue ready to please a master Box 723.

ONDON AND YORKSHIRE S, 5'9%", 50, 180 lbs., would like to met visitors to Britain, Very experienced master. Box 557

ONDON, M. 40, 5'9", 150 ths, 5", uncut, into WS, leather, rubber, combat gear, seeks dominant to 45, strict, but respectful of limits, Box 630

Wm 32 60' 165 bs looking for partner in leather or denim Will ing o'ry a most anything Box 716.

SM 45 511 6' cut, imaginative, wide range of interests, will ingness 800 359.

FRANCE

PRIS SM. Virgo, 58, 57". Not, by, white body builder, mescul in whe short heir, moustable, into steer, level, and boots. Experienced with playroom, well-equipped with by, mercia, sing Seeks partner WS, 88D, FF, whips, threats, boots working shoes, chairs, providing working shoes, chairs, providing work to the shoes, chairs, providing work to the shoes of Beather, respectful Size, CA, NY) Will amove every wir Box 884.

WEST GERMANY COLOGNE, SM, 45, 6', whree, 7

Add convince in meaching, slender set convince in meaching, slender set meaching, slender set meach as the slender set meach as the slender set meach as the slender set meaching meaching, see set set meaching meaching, see set leather naturally could be my sign or younger, not of the slender set set meaching we see the slender set meaching we see that the slender set meaching see that the slender set meaching seems and seems see

semail 5m 34 6.2 uncut ex perenced wants to meet men on both pasts into eather, levis, coys and games. No hangups about age, ac or andowment Alto went to their steves with Meeting, use and Julia them. Also interested in exchanging data, etc. Write with details and photo. Box 134

NETHERLANDS JLLAND, hot hunk, 31, 6'3, 100 lbs., 10" uncut, with hard gym

eddy into hot sex, face fucking, tabley CB, WS, FF, toys, anything will Will visit USA over Xmas and tox for a good time with hard toxed dudes from 18-35 who really set to take it. Levis, earther, groups to take it. Levis, earther, groups to take it. Levis, earther, groups to take it.

LUXEMBOURG

Peeds training W/m, 23 75 kg., prefers beends > country life Box 629

SWEDEN

station, S. 41, 611", 70 kg, 7%" exat, hird and demanding top saeks the two want to be completely official No games, the real ting only No fats fems emirations 8x477.

MUST BE REALLY MALE W 50, can assume either role; inbristed in a real man. Tends to be paine Into levis, leather, cowboys, so so toys. Can travel Willing to carepond with other Masters and stess 80x 228M.

STOCKHOLM BEGINNER wents magular trainer Am 23, 5"10", berd, 200 lbs., 6" uncut. Box 556.

FOREIGN MAIL
When answering foreign ads with
box numbers, remember to include
the correct amount of oversess ar
mail postage Current rates are all
per 3 ounce. Letters without cor
rect postage will be returned

LATE ARRIVALS

CA Experienced San Francis
slave white 24 5/8" 155 fbs see
servous ealther Master for training

CA BALLS supped squeezed g wand receive Correspond meet Bo

CA SAN DIEGO Masters wanted by tim, youngish 50s, w/m. Have you desires, and demands Liftil ed Humilabion, verbal abuse and light diess pants are a real tim on Some W/S and B&D. Like to admire and tingle a beautiful ass. Masters under 40 yeers and 170 ibs can be to be t

CA SAN DIEGO Want to meet people who love animals, especially who have large trained animals. Write Dave Box 16172 San Diego CA

CA BORN TO SERVE Stave needs Master into Serious sex – piercings catheters cab. etc. Am 48 look 35 3 12 "Will make commitment to a agood Master anywhere for life Smooth Skin, cut 7" big balis Sher man Oaks Box 132M.

CA SAN FRANCISCO muscular took built Daddy seeks same for hot lines Must also have hot reconitive rear (FFA questionable) must be spinking, bleech some bond, received the spinking, bleech some bond, red asshole for eating Im 33, 59, 148 lbs well-endowerd and uncur have hot before the spinking of the s

CA LOS ANGELES w/m, 31 seeks w/ms into heavy whippings! Straps to builwhips. Need in who needs it all Box B3?

for beard 52" 180 fbs in but can be versalife new to scene withing to learn into dudes who lake care to their bodies, enjoy light S&M, B&D some WS, three ways, and have lots of fantases Not into FF scat heavy pain Box B10.

BIG RIG TRUCKERS
Young man wants to learn to
business from cross country
pwner/operator I'm included

am willing to relocate 8ox A66

CA ORANGE COUNTY/LON
BEACH area Goodhooking versal
blond's fantasy is servicing smoo

A DRUMBE AT AD

CA SAN FRANCISCO 29 58 160 conditions of the condition of

MASTER NEEDED
Santa Barbara veniura, m. 27 60
145 fbs., needs training be
knowledgeable Master You expanimits for obedient slim smoot
body that is Yours to use Sir Bo
A67

CA SAN PHANCISCO III man w SM 30s experenced with smoot muscular body and big nippe seeks same for salisfying sessions Toys welcome Must have good defind on Box A46

COMBAT WRESTLING:
SAN FRANCISCO GOOGLOKING
MUSCular stud 58" 145 lbs seeks
opponents within 20 lbs for brutal
reestyle matches to submission
Send challenge with photo if possble Box A49

nnmal—w/m 25 61 155 bs wants wild realiter revi stud to take his punk to the lend in S&M 860 wax cuffs collers, and heavy Greek Corne work this punk's ass Box 997 CA LOS ANGELES slave 43 6 185

CA LOS ANGELES stave 43 6 165 bs. with raige c/bs. digs receiving c/b7 work S&M leather levis, etc. Box A68

A TURE LEATHER "Latso take lean oots and 27 Am 59" well but ale Asian. An emperor does no spect to repeal an order neither dilf you are a man mierested in the AM scene and we eather too let et logether. Send a recent picturi yoursell and a short introduction ox A51.

CA GERONTOPHILES et al Corrup namy 50s, articulate longue, kind buruthless, even if I care. Know-edge is sulphyprosis, and sex. Send photo No fals or hardcore drugs. Can yo is se to the occas-on? Box. A52.

A Fuck a hot ass pission it mak ie eat you Box A94

the Virgant, who shall be and and his personal slave-dog and lovel (W. 32 5911), 186 tibs, beard novel (W. 32 597 180 tibs, beard) invite meetings and correspondence with pigs atmiss lope bottoms, voyeurs exhibitionists and adventurous animals to explore all extremes. Box 465

CA SAN FRANCISCO Top 33, fall muscled iresponsible I m slave runting for a muscular submissive puppy. Rick Leathers, Box 3291, San Francisco CA 94119.

CA BLACK MAN 40.57 128 lbs, looking for man 21 to 21 to tain to be specified and should be 55 to 8 to 10 to

CA SF BAY AREA bondage slave modes wanted to pose for private photo uplection. Must be write mate but 21-35 muscular bodyburder types, unan bited yet saline clean but and accept light discipling. Bood fees to right types. Send picture or indirectly Box A93.

prace can assume either no either to brittle
ght man Must be willing to commit
immedit to permanent relationship P
O Box 4244 San Francisco CA
94103
CA EX RANCH MARD Invan house

men, cowboys thoopers and dejuly sheriffs with full discrete or Corrals starts. Danns tack rooms, sodders starts. Danns tack rooms, sodders shawhed and ropes furn me on Greater SF Bay-Monterey Bay after Willing to Itayel Ca Tohrina. & neighboring states heed stockade offert on stake Out immobility and other to stake Out immobility and the with photo to Box 832.

magnate stracted to cigar smonting Coloradoans Have willing ass for high country when Cigar smokes given priority. Those with the name Barry given hist prority. Tayal Denver monthly Jack 29:1. Divisadero San Francisco CA 94117.

CA LOS ANGELES MS w.m. 34. 57°, smooth skim body 126 lbs sitel igent goodlooking mileoxing for intel igent S ineed to serve my man and expect to eventually have his similations as mine 1 also need to be me to property serve you. Box 280

CA UNIFORM, EATHER Master 35 do sought by wim 42, 160 lbs 8 intelligent creative needing discipier for the flow 5 who kew se needs a walking capt ve male in chains - pue flom 5 which, mountain s and tiaris shared Scall and FF no domeaton, bundage especially metals. VIS 1 im looking for the real thing 80x 386 San Francasco. CA 94Y01

CA SF PENNISULA Good doxiny young m r 40s, white Inp man 5°3 155 bs cut seeks goodhook in we built apaculine wim 27 40 ft intense asshole sex (including FF will also Jucky your face use abusew M risido Jucky your face use abusew Pereter men into snow sking or other constitutions of the constitution of the

HOW DO YOU SPELL HOT?

DRUMMER 83

CA SAN FRANCISCO SM 33 58 the head and the body and let's

CA SAN DIEGO Top. 40 83: 195 bs. nto ati scenes lits WS FFA Have full equipment Will train hovices Box A70

CA LOS ANGELES dig icking your

ANSWERING AN AD? See Instructions on the first page of

CA LEATHERBOUND RELATION S&M B&D Man I need is strong Top

CA San Francisco SM, 31 Leo, W

C7 MASTER 27, hot and horny

brown hair and beard, experienced lems MEN only reply Note with

photo and phone number to Box 881

GA G/W/M Pisces 26 140 lbs 68'

W/M 31 511' seeks men nto

NOTICE Personal ads in Drumbaats may not include phone numbers.

6'2" 185 bs wearing tight evis and thigh work Have toys and letter to Bob Box 209 Arington

MA SM, 37 62" 180 lbs seeks

36 vr while 58" 140 lbs versal a







DRUMMER 87

DRUMMER'S HOT SPOTS



A Private Membership Club 1808 Market - San Francisco Open Daily 6 om till 2 am





25¢ Movie Arcade **OPEN 24 HOURS** LAS VEGAS (702) 384-4962

Free Pool 6 P.M to closing \$1.00 All the draft you can drink 9 P M to Midnight

SUNDAY Open at 6 A M

5873 Atlantic, Long Beach



MONDAY Buck a Pitcher

TUESDAY

[213] 423-9772

FIND YOUR LIMITS

(415) 543-5263 San Francisco, CA 975 Harrison



LUBY'S GAME ROOM 174 Valencia Street San Francisco (415) 552-POOL

Hours Noon till Midnight Sun,-Thurs. Noon till 2 A.M. Frl. & Sat

Annual Fee: \$10.00





NEWEST MEN'S BAR

SEASON'S GREETINGS

DRUMMER'S BOOKS

MURDERS MOST FOUL

The Lords of Discipline (Houghton Mifflin, \$12.95) is a new novel by Pat Conroy, author of the commercially successful The Great Santini, It is a most powerful book on the subject of male sexuality in American society Not satisfied with approaching that hor-rendously difficult subject, Conroy has taken on the themes of friendship, lowe.

war and death
The setting is a Southern military
college; obviously the school is patcollege; obviously the school is patpatricular to the school is patricular to the

The writing is tight, terse and riveting. This is a book which is guaranteed to make you tense your muscles in anxiety as the heroes go through each stage of a terrifying initiation.

What's more exciting is that this novel, without having a single reference to overt sexual activity, is going to be so homoreorite to a Drummer enader that hellend up getting more fantasy enjoyment here than in any \$8.00 fuck book. Initiation scenes, drill scenes, the role relationship between senior and piebe, you

will love it, Mister!
At the far end of the spectrum is
Gaywork (Avon, \$2.95). I hope this
fight of tanksy is a spoof on the Gothic
novels that American houseview are
fight of tanksy in a spoof on the Gothic
novels that American houseview, are
care to be a spoof of the control of the control
account for turn of the century. A poor,
leat walf is sort of "adopted" as a secretry by an impossibly handsome, impossibly rish backelor with whom he impossibly rish backelor will do not be to simposibly rish backelor will do not be to sepasibly restroycated.

I said I "hope" this was a spoof. The problem is that the novel is so very true to the form that you can't really tell if the author is pulling your leg or not. The humor, if it's supposed to be humorous, is just too hard to find sometimes. If you like the Gothic genre, you should give this a chance. But otherwise it's not going to be the most stimulating reading of your like.

In the same category but updated by decades is Tory's by William Snyder (Avon \$2.75). This is such a silly book that here you hope the author knew how trite the whole thing seems to be. You don't have to waste money to find out about the loves and life of Philadelphia's most outrageous and most chie disco

owner. If you ever bother to read this stuff, you've already heard this story take place in New York and/or Fire Island so many times you'll want to womit. Save the money and ...

womst. Save the money and ...
Buy Vermillion by Nathan Aldyma
(Avon 32.23), 11's a wondered describe
(Avon 32.23), 11's a wondered
(

Type You ever whatea do or easily true.

Type You can be a compared to the control of the contro

There are three books in this month's column by Avon, the paperback house that's rapidly gaining a reputation for publishing a large number of original works. Editorial Director Robert Wysat claims that the house doesn't actively solicit gay books in particular, and that in care, but the fact remains that Avon continues to produce a lot of gay books. At a certain point it doesn't matter that these include gothics and discooks and detective novels, it, does nat-

ter that gay books are being published. Another piece of news is that St Martin's Press, which has been one of the main publishers of gay books in hard cover, has just signed up a set of new titles. The rumor mill has been racing lately that St. Martin's in particular and New York publishing in general were beating a retreat from our areas of interest. Actions speak louder than words: it becomes more and more apparent that no one's abandoning the gay market, though it may be true that publishers standards are shifting. They are apparently demanding books that are either of a higher calibre than those published earlier, or books that are more likely to be commercially successful. The era when New York publishers were anxious to test whether or not they had a Midas touch and could sell any gay-themed book is over. It's not the worst thing that ever happened.

John Preston



The Hottest Western and Leather South of Market







TARGET PRESENTS



TOM HARTUNG This German born hunk has all I takes to make you stand up and take notice!

notice! PU-1 8 b/w 5x7 photos \$7 00 SU-1 6 35mm color slides \$7 00



TODD BROCKE When you're 19 and took like Todd and are hung like that the world's your oyster. Delicious! PT-1 8 blw 5x7 photos. \$7.00 \$T-1 6 35 mm color slides \$7.00



and third results and tarres a very big stick. And water out—it s loaded?

PU-2.8 b/w 5x7 photos, \$700

SU-2 6 35mm color slides \$700



FRANK ML, AMS Eight graf his photos of a strapping bisewal studithat will arouse more than your curiosity! PT 2 8 DW 6x7 photos \$7.00 ST-2 6 35mm color stides \$7.00



BRUNO & JOSH KINCAID in "TEACHER'S PET"

Bruno is demonstrating the fine art of body posing bul Josh seems bent on laxing the lesson in another direction! (300 ft color) BP-10 Super 8, \$41.90 BP-108 Reg 8, \$41.00





& TIM KRAMER in "SHIPSHAPE"

Out of the bije. Tim boards Kyle's sa boat and interrupts a very lazy afternoon. But Kyle doesn't seem to mind' (300 ft color) BP-118 Super 8 \$41.00 BP-118 Reg 8 \$41.00

TARGETPAK-2 Our lavish folio contains full-color brochures illustrating our movies, magazines, art work, etc., and inclusion on the confidential Target mailing list \$4.00

MASTERCHARGE/VISA



& NICK ROGERS IN "UP TIGHT"

Both these young studs are expert in the selof heavy equipment and our camera go in close for some dynamite close-ups! (200 ft color) BP-8 Super 8 \$34.00 BP-8 Reg 8 \$34.00

TARGET Box 692-D Canal St. Sta

New York City 10013

Please state that you are over 21

BECAUSE TALKING ABOUT SEX IS IMPORTANT



Issue One of FirstHand Magazine, the gay quarterly digest, said...

When I was a little boy and first started to masturbate, I used to have fantasies about bondage. The significant problems of a long-term gay relationship can be divided into three types. It isn't unusual for all the bodies to be touching in a crowded subway car. "You like bannas." "I don't take it literally. ... I was the only guy at the baths who was verifully 1 don't take it literally. ... I was the only guy at the baths who was wearing boxer shorts. . The initiation rite involved all three of us taking off our clothes. ... If you consume more carbohydrates than your body requires. ... "You wouldn't have swam between my legs if you didn't want to". ... Nothing turns me on as much as a pair of handcuffs. . The odds are against every member of your family being an asshole. ... I felt disappointed that all of us kept our underwear on when we changed into our gym uniforms. ..!! you seek professional counseling in a small town. . To



...and we were just getting started then.

Take this opportunity to subscribe. Issue 2 available mid-December.

PO Box 1107 *	Ansonia Station *New	York, NY 10023	
NAME			
ADDRESS			

enclosed find my check or money order for \$10. (\$11. in Canada), for the next four issues of FirstHand Magazine, the gay quarterly digest.

Begin my subscription with issue 2 — Issue 3 —

Signature

Filmfreak... Falconhead Tripout With The Hot, New Collection



These new, dynamite films have the ultimate machomix . . . hard man to man action, heavy-duty raunch, plus trippy funky fantasies! Six throbbing machomovies that puts your head down there where you can almost taste the sweat! THE FALCONHEAD COLLECTION is guaranteed to charge-up any'n'all one-handed action! So grab your set today . . . and All Falconhead films are 200 ft. and are available in both reg. 8 & Super 8, (Pleez specify when ordering,) Only \$30 ea., or \$150 for all 6 films.

Add .75 per film for postage & handling. THE FALCONHEAD COLLECTION is also available in video cassette at the low price of \$89.95. (Specify VHS or BETA when ordering.) Add \$2 for postage and handling

be the most gopular guy on the block! -----



DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED.

LE SALON, 30 Sheridan, Dept. D. San Francisco, CA 94183 Rush me the following hot new films from THE FALCON-HEAD COLLECTION: | NO. 1 BROTHERLY LOVE □ NO. 2 HANDJOB, □ NO. 3 GOLDEN GUYS, □ NO. 4 THE IDOL, IND. 5 DEMON LOVER, INO. 5 NUDE IN BONDAGE. I want mine in Preg. 8, Super 8 (check one) at \$30 each, all 6 for \$150. Don't forget to add .75 per film for postage & handling.

Falconhead Collection video cassettes in. VHS, BETA (check one) at \$89.95 each. Add \$2 per for postage & handling.

I am enclosing my check/m n for S (sorry no C.O O.'s) Print Name Address

City, State, Zip

I am 21 years of age, or older (signature)

Offer void in Tenn. & Texas. Calif, residents add 6% sales tax Store/mail order inquiries invited.

DRUMMER views the Flicks



..........

What happens when a former rock star (Ange, left, and a punk star (Johnny Loser right) spend a right together in modern day Ben n?

DER TOD UND DER MANN

While Peter Fratzacher is no Warner Herzog or not even a Fassbinder, he is quickly a German filmmaker to be reckoned with, perhaps one that will have a pronounced effect on the yet-to come wave of new German filmmakers His first effort, Asphalt Night, has garnered enough attention to get the film distributed in American theatres Some of that is predicatable; this is, after all, a film that alleges to be about rock and roll - a mainstay of summer drive-ins and the darling of the new American film elite. And enough of his intellectual onema ancestor's approach to making movies seeps through to lift Asphalt Nights far above American Graffits and American Hot Wax. Maybe shoulder-toshoulder with The Buddy Holly Story, which had nothing going for it but the ability of its central actor

Asphilt Night has been described as a look at the generation gap between new musicians. The film tiself is also a possible generation gap between the 'wwest' of generation gap between the 'wwest' of usually tedious interiors of a Fashmoder or a Saless are replaced with the plasticity of contemporary German nightlife. The 'man trapped-in-society' syndrome, so popular with Herzog and Vinder, has been tree with all around him:

But don't expect Asphalt Night to be any kind of genre breakthrough, be cause it isn't, ultimately, an important film. But what it is, is interesting, and slightly unusual, not completely without meaning or relevence

Angel (Gerd Heinemann) is a leftover from the famous Summer of '68 school

of peace love-beads-flowers, win has coasted through the 1970's on the remakes of his one big hit song and the money his sister's encounter parour brings in, and renting out his sound stitled to disco makers. For a decade, when the film begins, he has been making a comeback. The single longest comeback him usisc history. By the time we join him, he still 18n't back.

The co-character for the film, Johnny Lover (Thomas Davs), is an expunk who has abandoned that genre of music for the same reason he abandoned all other forms the inability of the medium to maintain the message. Anything, that can't last forever can't be val d' there is this bond between them, unestated, in that Johnny at one time in his past admired the quality of Ameel's vision And Ansel.

very much in the immediate, needs to be

believed, if only for his past, Asphalt Night quickly becomes a film

about male pair-bonding and never again becomes a film about rock and roll. Johnny makes the trip to Angel's recording studio from somewhere, gets in Angel's car when it starts to rain, play's Angel's tape deck, drinks Angel's beer, smokes Angel's cigarettes - and waits for the former rock star to discover him.

Heinemann's Angel is as laid back as you can get. When he asks Johnny where he's going, and Johnny mutters some thing about the train/bus station, Angel takes him there. The reasoning might be to get rid of him effectively, leave him wanting for nothing. But as a device, it allows us to discover everything we want to know about the duo; how they feel about music, what they want from life where (if anywhere) they are headed career-wise. What we don't know, and what becomes the most interesting element of the film, is what they want from each other.

When Angel drops Johnny off, the latter is almost arrested. In fact. Angel and his very fast car provide the rescue Angel offers to take him somewhere else, home; Angel's home; Johnny asks if he's gay. Angel doesn't reply - but brings up the fact that the suspicion by the police at the bus station that lohnny Loser might be a hustler caused the hot pursuit. Johnny doesn't have an answer. significant in that this remains the only area of the two-character development

for which no answer develops, But it really doesn't matter if Angel is gay or if Johnny is gay, or if neither one

is gay, because this is a film about rock and roll, Right?

The adventures of the night let the filmmaker tell the audience exactly how he feels about the space between generations that are, in real time, not very far apart. An instant disposal of culture and cultural values rears its head as the social culprit here, Johnny is even allowed a profound-like scene in which he denounces fake-punk, counterfeit-nostalgia, phoney new wave before his life is threatened by very real black-leather clad greasers.

But this is strictly director Fratzacher's film, despite the often excellent dialogue and the very convincing per-formances of Heinmann and Davis. He manipulates every nuance of the plot and development until the viewer cares less about the characters than what might be the message And that becomes the film's one great disappoint-

There are a lot of small, significant messages throughout Asphalt Night, But in the final analysis, the message we are left with is diffused and anti-climactic, In the last minutes of the film, after we have suffered hearing the music opus that will bring Angel back into the linelight (because by all intelligent reasoning, it couldn't possibly), the narrative line takes one more twist toward an almost gutwrenching conclusion; the director plays

We don't know if we are to be amused because Fratzacher still has a sense of humor, or if we are to suddenly not take the film or its messages seriously because the ending is so surreal, or if there is yet another conclusion (available to the audience), about what it is the director ulti-

But there is this, a sweeping ability to surprise in solid clinematic methodology; extraordinarily tight and controlled direction, and two captivating performances, and a fresh if unresolved look at the attraction between men. - John W. Rowberry

HELL WITHOUT LIMITS

Mexico, one of the world's great guilt-ridden Catholic societies, has produced its very first homosexual film. El Lugar Sin Limites (Hell Without Limits or A Limitless Place). While to the American film audience this will appear, superficially, a film about stereotypes. it goes much deeper into the conflict between entrenched machismo culture and sexual prejudice than many other how, it is logical that such a culture would use the stereotypes of oppressed homosexuals as a starting point, The main character, La Manuela, is a

drag queen, owns a whorehouse, and is vying with his daughter for the attention of a local tough, Pancho. What director Arturo Ripstein does with this character and the environment of sexual prejudice he explores, while predictable, are both exciting in the film medium and rewarding in a political perspective

La Manuela and his daughter live in the whorehouse they own on the outskirts of a dying town somewhere in the vast expanse of Mexico. The daughter is the product of a bet between a very young La Manuela and the original madame of the brothel, a woman known as La Japonesa. The local political don had bet that La Japonesa couldn't seduce her homosexual 'dancer' (all men can get it up for the right woman, right?) and promises her anything she wants if she succeeds. She wants the title to the bro-thel, which he holds. She seduces La Manuela, perhaps with his very conscious conspiratorial cooperation, and gets pregnant. At some point she passes on. film is never very clear about what happened to her.

La Manuela and his daughter maintain the house and its few whores. A local stud, Pancho, once a regular visitor, was at some point attracted by the now aging La Manuela. It is the attraction of a closet-homosexual trapped in a megamacho environment, in an episode we only hear about, he attacks La Manuela and rips off the drag queen's gown. He vows that someday he will "get revenge" on the homosexual. The audience is left to wonder if the revenge is for deception or his own sexual frustration.

The daughter and La Manuela are at-tracted to, yet fearful of Pancho. When word has it that he has come back to town, they lock up the whorehouse and prepare to wait out the night sealed be-hind the walls of their physical and spiritual fortress. La Manuela suddenly takes a great interest in repairing his lavish, but torn gown.

Because the story can't go anywhere

without a confrontation, when Pancho knocks at the door of the whorehouse. goaded on by his brother-in-law, the daughter lets him in. La Manuela goes to hide in the chicken coop. The attraction to the tough by the daughter is, at this point, obvious. While she entreats him not to cause a scene, she suffers his physical hostility and verbal abuse. He demands that she strip in the salpon of the brothel - declaring that he will screw her on the spot, in front of all the other whores,

Le Manuela has been watching all this. and comes through the door dressed in the now-repaired red gown. He is a parody of the flamingo dancer and the youthful drag queen. He is fortyish, unattractive, undestrable by contemporary gay standards. He taunts Pancho, who demands that the drag queen dance for him. The dance, itself a parody of Sleeping Beauty, has Pancho as the mesmerized prince. It brings the crisis to a head. The homosexual attraction Pancho feels for La Manuela grows until they are dancing together, until Pancho voices his philosophy that "a man should try everything in his life," until they kiss passionately.

The brother-in-law, until then oblivi-ous to the direction of Pancho's interest. suddenly confronts him, chastising his unnatural behavior, Pancho turns on La Manuela and clears himself by denouncing the homosexual for having kissed him. La Manuela flees the brothel. The two men pursue him, finally catch him and murder him. This last episode has been witnessed by the don, who yows to his servant that Pancho will go to prison for his actions, and suffer there as much as La Manuela has been made to suffer.

What raises El Lugar Sin Limites above stereotypical melodrama is the power of the character of La Manuela. During the first half of the film he is presented as a typical lower class homosexual, at least in the eyes of non-gay society; he dresses in drag, he owns a whorehouse, he is flighty, frivilous, effeminate. He reenforces every cliche. But in the confrontation with Pancho at the film's conclusion, he emerges as the only character with a sense of morality. He is far more honest about himself than either his daughter, Pancho, the town don, or any of the other characters in the film. He is the only character who makes decisions based on his moral obligations and the perceptions of those obligations. To the non-gay Mexican audiences, he will emerge a heroic figure because he obviously gives his life to save his daughter. Those kinds of qualities, paternal responsibility and self-sacrificing morality are qualities long denied gays in a great deal of the world cinema.

The question of repressed homo-sexuality, along with the sexual preju-dice of the culture is one seldom raised in mainstream cinema. The film leaves the viewer with the undeniable impression that Pancho's salvation lies in his ability to examine his own sexuality in a non-threatening environment. Astutely, the director has denied La Manuela the usual drag queen humor, yet maintained a



DRUMMER 95

strokes, the razor cleaned Buck's head in small rows. Only twice did the razor even scrape his tender scalp, never cut it. When it came to Buck's temples, I stopped shaving even with his ear, leaving his full tirm beard bristling below his smooth head. I wipped the remaining recent and hair from his head with the wet towel and threw it, with the razor wrapped inside, outs do the ring.

Buck looked up, presenting himself to his Master, I looked down on his freshly shorn head. His new baldness made his heave cyclrows and his dark blond beard more prominent, and made him look even more rugged, more severe than he had in the leather wrestler's mask. He looked like the slave I wanted to be proud of With that in mind, I began to mold

As Buck tooked up at me, I showed him over onto his side, landing squarely on his sore left shoulder. He ginnaced when he collided with the mat, but he made no yound of pail a Ab pressed down. "Starting pass" every time you she mis vious at the control of the control of the should be shown to the control of the should be sho

Buck footed at me. The hazaque this pain was used from the eyes, he seemed somehow that to ware and in the place trapes a trape of the eyes of the eye

Through Buck's grinuse came a clear "Thank you, \$16": Leased my hoot off the table and oest and commended him on learning so quickly. "Now get, back on this cock, your Marker's cock, boy" Buck rose of this knees and obefineths Waim lapping at my balls and cock, finally sucking my \$1" Jack doep into his mouth, pulling I alm to his throat. He will have a second when I touched his fiethly whared head, but he will be a second when I touched his fiethly whared head, but he will be supported by cock deeper and seem in it is sippery throat. I looked down at his ingredibly powerful body and wanted his say supported his say support his pool of the say support his pool of the

I told hem to be down on his back as I juiled out of his mouth and undien his handbuffs, locking them again in front of him. As he lay down, I told the shackles down from the ring brace and secured one totach of his ankles. It is woused to know on, one of gother and, support from nethral black is head proling by easy are now provided as to exceed this society has done to his provided as the state of the society of the soci

I knell down and rested my stiff sisk in Blass's proad as sprainty fire lock in my firstly in troble my one kilding his spread crack. He mound as I togletened my grip and mulet in his hard dice, and soor balls forth the did on, making my or end my to my or my or the lock of the my or my or his together was with I had dight as face or making the way with I had dight as face or making the way with I had dight as face or making the way with I had dight as face or making the way of the man at my suppose to the last this insult as we in they powe to man at my suppose to the last with a my or my or

I spit into my hand and rubbed the saliva around and into the ashine Buck lifeted to me. Another glob of spit and two of my. Firgers probed their way into the warm most hole of my salve. Buck keep this eyes on me, never filnerling, as I worked a third finger into his asshole and massaged the muscles that strained against me. I wormed my fingers out of Buck's hole and slapped him sharply on his faut ass. Squeezing his cock and balls harder, I said, "That asshole is mine now, boy, and balls harder, I said, "That asshole is mine now, boy, and

when I want in, I get in!" Quickly I shoved all three fingers back into Buck's hole. The muscles twitched at first but then relaxed to accommodate my probing fingers. As Buck relaxed I rose to my knees and positioned the head of my cock at the opening where my fingers withdrew. I grabbed both of Buck's ankles, raised up on him, and began to lower my stiff dick nto his shithole As the nead of my one disappeared into Buck's asshole, he closed his eyes and bit his lip, "Let me in, there, slavehoy," I domanded lowering myself another inch into the 1 ght camel As a dug deeper into Buck, he rolled his head from a de to side, but still he made no protest. I moved my hands from Buck's any es to his pecs, sliding my hands between no tensed piceps and the hard chest they were clamped against, leaning ont his hairy barreled chest while I burned my prick in his starc's his e. As if thrust the last couple of faction of my cock into him, Buck gasped and lolled his tongue out onto his chin. The gasp soon turned to a faint smile as I lowered my full weight only his spread ass, pushing my cock its full ength into his hose Sudderly the muscles in Buck's chest and as a relaxed. Buck had finally yielded

every timiget in six Master. He was now, the ally more. I pumped Base's act for what is med rise hours, drawing slooks out of the tight hay next in it, then disping back in until the had wall were the full? I make of fusionshal I but to him. Base schaked to the point of next, me to pack slightly under my weight. Hirshing his way to form it my gione overly time! sammed into "im. My balls nounce of this faut as everytime! you indeed my groin against higherback, View new had a hotter.

to present tealbar uniquid on my cock.

**I Seach lam by hard as I'd fought with him, Again and
again I remort ap and stammed my cock into his tight, clutching
askshal. When I begain to come, I rared back from him,
askshal. When I begain to come, I rared back from him,
askshal. When I begain to come, I rared back from him,
askshall when I begain to come, I rared back from him,
askshall when I begain to come, I rared back from him
askshall when I begain to me,
I ask askshall begain to fine the last and him him
when I begain the last and him him
when I begain the last and him him him him him him
own cock and all over his chest and face. As his com splatted
to me from his lips and beard.

thould have promished Buck for coming without his Master's permission, but I didn't have the strength at the moment inset would be those lessons later. Instead, tup-locked the shackles from Buck's ankles and gave him permission to maker his leg, astunding M. My axis a plyed slow you of Buck a systek and sested on top to his own spart cook. I consed down at him in us made of ar the risk time in the 48 of

brugs, we discenting steeboy." Warmth, not sarcasm, marked my second we come of the night, Buck's eyes watered, the reased his head for a moment to look at me, then lowered it an seed, quetly, succeedy, "Thank you, Sir." I can uffed Buck's wrists, and lay down on him. Our sweaty,

I uncuffed Busil's wrists and lay down on him. Our sweaty, harv biodes that had been ground together in muscle-wrenching, struggle now restlig comfortably together. As Buck wrapped his yowerful arms' ground me, he settled under me and 'Amiled We stept again that night secure in the strong, sweaty muscles of, the other man.

And, ske I said, I's, kept the around I lings were town at first, his obedience would slip some times, he'd forget a lesson. But after repeated asskirking and every time we fight now, the stakes are his freedom - if he wants it. he has turned into a valuable possession. I'm proud of him proud of his tough study body, proud of his submission to me, proud of him as a fighter.

Oh, by the way, I'm more than willing to pit my save Buck against any other slave or any professed Master, for that matter - any time, anywhere, Just name the stakes.

TOUGH CUSTOMERS

BAY AREA HANG UP

If your equipment has been neglected, or needs adjusting, you can get service from. J. Rhys, 4111 18th, No. 9, San Francisco, CA 94114.



LITE TO MEDIUM ANYTHING Experienced and equipped Master does it all, light to medium grade, to properly willing asses either in hometown or the Big Apple Ken, Box 2874. Syracuse, NY 13220



Drummer's Tough Customers are just what the name implex, ready and boatcoms. And there's nothing as upfored as a Drummer man, right; to show you what they're got and to see if you're man enough to handle it. Want to join them? Then let's see what you've got, stud. Send your black and whate photos to. Tough what you've got, stud. Send your black and whate photos to. Tough Co. Sen. Co., CA. 9410.3. If it's pood enough, you'll see it here, Photos cannot be returned.



DALLAS COWBOY
Also lets it hang out in fatigues and can get into anything, as long as it's butch. Bob Solarion, Box 140321, Dallas, TX 75214.

GERMAN LEATHER

German master, 29, 6'4", 7
uncut, into leather and boots, 5&M,
piss, FF, and boot work wants to
hear from bearded slaves and masters.Henning Grote, Humbodstr 7
D-3300 Braunschweig, WEST GER
MANY



WINDY CITY MUD

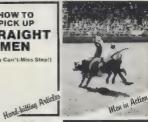
If you can get into cold, wet mud
action, in old clothes, union suits,
hip boots; write Bob, Box 2659,
Chicago, IL 60690





HOW TO PICK UP STRAIGHT MEN

(Step by Can't-Miss Step!)





Tom-of Finland New Each Month!



IN TOUCH FOR MEN was the first slick gay magazine on the market, and now, in our eighth year, we reach over 300,000 readers in 29 countries around the world.

We address the special interests of gay men with witty, lighthearted style. We believe our readers are bright, sophisticated consumers who read not only IN TOUCH but flashy mass-market magazines like People, GQ and occassionally Playboy. Therefore, we aim to provide that extra ingredient, that supplementary gay angle to the stories, issues and personalities of the day. The writing and visuals here have the characteristics we associate with gearing up for a Saturday night. stylish, eye-catching, attractive, driving, forceful, focused; provocative, suggestive, humorous. Subscription Rates, 6 issues, \$15.00, 12 issues, \$28.00: 18 issues, \$42.00; single copy, \$3.00.

WE ALSO PUBLISH

IN TOUCH 1980s GAY GUIDE to the U.S. & Canada, list ing thousands of bars restaurants hotels, resorts balks and bookstores Convenient pocket size paperback \$6.00 TOO HOT TO HANDLE, an adult photo magazine published quarterly featuring the IN TOUCH centerfold in poses too hot to publish in IN TOUCH Current issue 58 50 . IN HEAT, published quarterly leaturing action photos too wild kinky or graphic for IN TOUCH For adults only Current ssue \$8.50° When ordenno

ame iplease			- Terro
ődress			Wes Wes
ity	State:Province	Z)p	N TO(316 N 5011,9WG

Tough Shit

STUDENT STRIPPED, LEFT OUT IN COLD

A hazing incident in which a freshman hookey player was left outs'de, naked and drunk, in nearfreezing weather "like a piece of cold meat" is under investigation at the Linversity of Michiesa.

UM Athletic Director Don Can ham said yesterday he met with the team Monday and determined that five freshman players, including the youth who complained to dormitory officials, were hazed Sunday night at an Ann Arbor

Canham said the youth ap parently was the only one of the five to be left outside the house naked — probably because the hazers thought he would be sick after being forced to drink large quantities of gin, vodka and beer

The youth, who asked not to be usentified and declined to make a police report, told his dornitory adviser he was dumped naked in front of his dornitory in near freezing weather and was left there for more than an hour

"He felt like a piece of cold meat," said Steve Krrahnke, 21, a resident adviser at Mary Markley Hall, "We weren't able to get his temperature up until 2 a.m." about 2½ hours after he was brought inside

"He and the others were forced to drink a fifth of gin and then indulge in a beer-drinking contest at which the spectators made bets

on the outcome," Kralnike said After the party, Kralnike side, the youth was forced into the trunk of a car and driven around before being let out at his dormitory, where he was found more than an hour later by some other students.



EVEN MR BENSON GETS THE BLUES

Phil Andros, definitely a legend in his own lifetime, gives John Preston, author of Mr. Benson, a Lattoo when the two authors meet in San Francisco. The tattoo? A quill-pen dipping into a lavendar triangle, Photo by Wolfgang.

LOCKER ROOM RAPE

A 19-year-old male SF State student was sexually assaulted by another man in a gym restroom according to campus police

The victim, however, was not injured and decided not to press charges, said Sgt. Nick Bennett of

According to Bennett, the student went to the restroom during a break from his evening dance class. As he was leaving, the door was blocked by a male about 5-feet 9inches tall and weighing 150

The suspect grabbed the victim, rubbed his crotch against the student's buttocks and said. "If I

could be alone with you for 10 minutes," said Bennett

Bennett said the student became frightened and ran away. The suspect did not follow

"The student didn't want to press charges, he just wanted us to know what happened," said Bennett. "We are going to find out the schedules of late-night classes in the gym and put plainclothes officers in the area."

Bennett said he was not aware of any recent attacks in the gym but thought that "if the suspect did it once, he may have done it hefere"

Denve !

STUDSTORE

SEND ME THE FOLLOWING GEAR-

- 186 P 72100

- 2 Or Guan Resign Senat as pertion
- 2 40 Shudded Paddle
- 4142 Plable Leathe Padd + \$29.95 2,41 Higid Leather Padd e 534 95 Add \$2.00 to postage & banding & seq.

3 100

M O or Charge to

....A TOCK UNGS



















Visa MC

STUDSTORE

GET INTO OUR GEAR! You we another side to your midnight, your wilder side

Here are the socks, belts, collars and cock rings that are to be wern and



Dear Mr. Townsend -I am a pre-operative transsexual. That is, I've had the shots to make my breasts grow, but there hasn't been any surgery yet, and everything is still there. Re-cently, as a result of the counseling sessions I have been attending, I have met some other guys who are into S&M and leather. (Not in my counseling group but people who are in the Center for other reasons.) I've had a couple of experiences - not very extensive by your standards, I guess, but very meaningful for me. Now I really don't know what to do. All my life I have thought I was the classic case of "a woman trapped in a man's body," but this little taste of what I've had has made me wonder if I maybe haven't been wrong. The biggest problem I have is that I am not very masculine, or "butch" in either my appearance or mannerisms. I have just finished your

Leatherman's Handbook, and I know you

stress the importance of this. I'm really in

At the sexual crossroads

a dilemma. Can you suggest anything?

Dear Crossroads You have more than one problem; there is no denying that! But at least all the necessary parts are still there. The real problem is in the head, not in the body, you want to try the leather life style why not? You don't state your age, but I imagine you have enough years in front of you to try many different things until you find the right one. A masculing effect stems more from the inner attitude than from any physical attributes, anyway. Discuss it with one of the counselors at the center, I don't know what you can do about your breasts, but the doctor who gave you the shots can certainly advise you on this. One thing for sure, don't let 'em cut it off until you're sure you aren't going to want to use it.

A note to the gentleman who wanted advice on plans for building his own blackroom equipment, I have received setters from two different outfits, offering this type of material. I have not seen the products which either produces, so I can only refer you to them for further investigation:

Opportunity Publications, 8033 Sunsel Blvd., Suite 374, West Hollywood, CA Ripper Productions, 687 Eighth Ave.,

New York, NY 10036.

Dear Larry -There have been several "color codes" published to define the meaning of hankies in the back packet, but none of these seem to agree 100%. Can you give us a definitive list?

Confused in Cincinnati

Dear Confused So am I. There has been an attempt by several sources (including Drummer) to standardize these "codes, but no one organization or publication has an exclusive on the market; thus the discrepancies continue to exist. However, most of the more exotic colors are seldom if ever used. Remembering that the right is bottom man, the left is too, the following seem the most important (and most standard)

S&M (used to mean only heavy Black -5.8M) Dark Blue - Fucker-fuckee (used to

mean light S&M) Red Fist fucker-fuckee Yellow - Pisser pissee Brown SCAT Orange - "Anything, anytime" Gray (less common) - Bondage only

Light Blue - Sucker suckee White - Tourist, no exotic sex Even these are going to be subject to dispute, but that's the way I read them. Any others are so much on the fringe as

to be hardly worth mentioning.

I have read several articles on fist fucking (FF), in which there is a claim made, or at least an intimation, that FF will "cure" or "alleviate" hemorrhoidal symptoms. I can see some hock for this in that hemorrhoids are merely veins that stretch out into a "hairpin" shape, and the FF action can stretch them back again. But it still makes me wonder, if this works why can't a doctor insert something to expand the rectum and thus effect a cure, I know you are not a doctor, but have you any ideas about this? Afflicted in Los Angeles

Dear Afflicted -No, I am not a doctor, but I have read most of the same things you have, My medical adviser says it isn't so, although he concedes that there could be a temporary alleviation of symptoms Since FF is not a practice with which many doctors are familiar, outside the areas of heavy gay population, there does not appear to be much interest in investigating the possibilities. If some research has been done, I would be interested in knowing about it and would be happy to pass along the information. (A few years back, I was asked to supply a print of Erotic Hands to be shown to a medical convention, because most of the doctors denied that FF was even possible, much less a fairly common practice,)

Dear Larry I wear a cockring most of the time (a leather ring with enough snaps to make it

tighter or looser, depending on the circumstances). I always take it off when I go to bed at night, unless I'm in bed with a trick. I've been told that this can damage my genitals. Is that true? Active in Seattle

Again, I must protest that I am not a doctor. However, there was an article on cockrings in the Journal of the American Medical Association (JAMA), November 1978. In this JAMA article, a public health doctor in Boston discussed the dangers of "Annular Constriction of the Penis - The Tourniquet Syndrome," In essence, he is saying that a "penile ring" can restrict the circulation of blood, and in severe cases cause gangrene (much like a tourniquet that is left on for too long a time). He concludes by saying: "Since these patients use the penile rings only to enhance their sexual activity, I have not yet seen the gangrene resulting from continuous prolonged use; nor have I seen the fibrous plaques in the corpora cavernosa as in Peyronie's disease . . other words, he seems to be saying that occasional use has not produced any damage that he has observed, but he cautions other doctors to be on the lookout for the problem. From this, I would gather that a normal healthy person should not wear a tight cockring except during sex, and then with a reasonable degree of caution. I have worn cockrings for years, and have known many other people who do, and I have never personally heard of any problems. Again, are there any horror tales that I should pass along?



In San Francisco

The Hotel El Dorado

A Hotel in The Tradition of The European Pensione

On your next visit to San Francisco experience one of the City a newest pleasures—a stay of the rasteful by restored the rasteful by restored of the rasteful by restored of the Pownhow Point Castro and Fossom district. Composable and provided the pownhous point of the Pownhow Point Castro and Fossom district.

Our modest rates in clude a continer ta breakfast each morn ing Off-street park ing is available Treat yourself to the Hotel E. Dovario Call or write lo

Rates begin at \$1950

150 Ninth Street, San Francisco, CA 94103 * (415) 552-4660



Independently Owned and Operated



MEAT: How Men Look, Act, Talk, Walk, Dress, Undress, Taste, and Smell. True Homosexual Experiences from S.T.H.

MEAT unbloodgies the best from S.T.H. Manhattan Receive of Unantial Acts—"the roughest, reunchless, most explicitly gay publication... the graseroots your raid of gay sex." Men nationaded write about their most sext, water sports, sex with soldlers, sallors, abtless trackdrivers, lockstrap/learoom, father and son sex, etc. Illustrated with more than 20 bill pages sexy nude photos. Praised highly by Gore Vidal, William Burroogly, Allien Girabbrag.

TO ORDER

Please send ______ copy/copies of the book MEAT at \$11 each postpaid (California residents add 6% sales tax). Check/money order to: GAY SUNSHINE PRESS, P.O. BOX 40397, San Franciano, California 94140.

NAME

ADDRESS
Also available MEN LOVING MEN A Gay Sex Guide & Consciousness Book by M Walker Text, 50+ explicit photos, drawings. \$10

CONRAP

"They put you through a states degredition exercine, stripping you - deliberately and with reliah in some cases of all self-estern, self-espect, human exosbitity, and sense of responsibility 1916, I design to pump you, humble you, humilate you, and shame you. I've sen quys in here that had been Isterally destroyed, broken, turned into a mass of ally into vegetables."

H Jack Griswold, et al., An Eve for an Eve

GAYCON P

Gaycon Press Newsletter contains griss news, mater poetry and at work, gas news of interest to prisoners and respect information concerning gags in the present information concerning gags in the present information with the present information write to Asna & Indies of the concerning the present information write to Asna & Indies to Garden Williams (120 house) to State to Safe, would like to donate gay books or magnitude to the present of the concerning the present in the newsletter, We also need them to the newsletter, We also need them to the newsletter, We also need the present in the present in

PRISONERS

Young man, gay, 25 years old, 5*10** tall and 150 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes withes to correspond with mature gay men 35-50. Interests include: travel, classica music, literature and food, Victor McDonough 78C219, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011

Serving a life sentence and would like to hear from other gays. Jerry Helm 19446, POB 911, Sioux Falls, SD 57101.

Prisoner wishes letter. I am a lonely black limited and desire to have some friends to correspond with. I am 6'2", 175 lbs and very well hung with 11½ inches, I like mild 5M, water sports, 8D, french, straight greek and roman sex, I am 26 years old and hope to get out next year leanard Gobb No. 151:365, POB 45699, Lucaville, OH 45699

Gay prisoner, 28, 5'10", 165 lbs., blue eyes and brown hair seeking correspontents Replies promised to all who take the time and trouble to write. Roger Stafford, No. 103767, POB 97, Mc Alester, OK 74501.

Gay mmate wishes to correspond with my gay brothers. Before getting busted worked as model and porno actor. Wayne Howard, POB 1108, Denver, CO 80201.

Gay prisoner, 24 years old, needs letters from gays. 1 am 5'11", 140 lbs., white and gay. Serving a four year sentence and live one year to go. Chris Thorp, POB 1108, Denver, CO 80201.

Sensitive, caring, sincere, mature, incarcerated male seeking meaningful correspondence. Richard Hartson No. 147 294. POB 45699, Lucaville. OH 45699

George Perkins, B-49536 Rm. 1345, POB A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409 would like to correspond with other

Gav male would like to hear from concerned gay brothers. Douglas Wright B-98530, POB A (Administrative Segation), San Luis Obispo, GA 93409 I am in segregation because of my gayness and really need letters from the outside world.

I am 23, 5°10 inches and weigh 150 lbs Would like to receive mail from other gays. Steven Hatch No. 107214, POB 97, McAlester, OK 74501

Black inmate, 28 yrs. old, 5'9½", smooth tan complexion and gorgeous black ass. Have a 9½" cock and love using it I am both active and passive I.L. Tribmle, 146-742, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH

I am 30 years old, 5'8", 140 lbs. and have a 28" waist. Have brown harr and brown eyes. Would like to hear from anyone interested in writing to someone on edeath row. Larry White No. 640 Rt. 3 Ellis Unit J-23, Huntsville, TX 773-40.

Gay inmate 36, 5'6", 150 lbs. born and raised in Texas hopes to hear from someone interested in dropping me a line Jack Smith No. 615, Ellis Unit, 1-23. Huntsville, TX 77340.

My name is Jewel Larsen and I would like to write to free gays, I am a TS and like everyone white, black, chicano or whatever. I am 6'1", sandy brown hair and hazel eyes. Jewel Larsen, 149356, 777 W. Riverside Drive, Ionia, MI 48846

777 W. Riverside Drive, Ionia, MI 48846

Looking for someone to write to I am 20 and hot and wild. B. Elkins. No. 101604.

NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Mariquan Laws) had the following ad refused for publication by firm and Newsweek: "Lost Year 300,000 Americans Were Arrested For Smoking An Herb That Queen Victoria Used Regularly for Menstural Cramps."

A warm, gentle tiger with a sense of humor and a broad range of interest would fisk to hear from other men will ing to write and share lasting friendship. James Moodie, No. 140-487, Box 45699, Lucaville, OH 45699

Donald E. Barks, No. 145-541, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699, I am 23.

Black, muscular, 5'10", 168 lbs I am looking for an understanding correspondence that could turn into a relationship

Lonely White gay in confinement seeks correspondence from real people. I am ex army, am artist, intelligent and discreet. I have blonde hair, blue eyes, 15 lbs, and am 6'2" tall, I really do want and need friends, and will answer all letters. Daniel Brandt, Box 45699, Lucavulle, DH 45690.

Muscular, well-hung white male seeks meaningful and lasting relationship with gay or bisexual men, in prison and ionely. Due to be released soon. Am 180 lbs., brown hair and blue 105 lbs. If interesting the please write to Robert 180 lbs., brown hair sand blue 45590 lbs. Box 45590 lbs. Box 45590 lbs. Box 45590 lbs.









SPECIAL SHOWING

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT AT

BRUTAL - HEAVY

THE MOST REALISTIC MALE FILM EVER MADE

Starring

WITH
QUAVE BALTON
JOHN DETOWN
STEVE MICHARDE
ERIC LANSING
THOSE JOHN

Born to Raise Hell



INITIATION! Drummer key club/le. News



As the Drummer Cluo in San Francisco was almost ready to open its doors to all the Leather Fratern ty members the pre-opening invitation party, *Initia* tion, was held to inaugurate the new facility.

The Drummer Club is going to be the most unique in the city, with a full-sized swimming pool in addition to the two-section main bar, locker rooms, showers and the rest. For special events itse Intelligence, a stage was built in the main room, complete with hanging posts, but the form the strong set-wisted to by some of the strongset-wristed tops in the area.

Besides the whip demonstrations, there were exhibitions of complete body shavings, tattooing and piercing. While ware members had arranged to have the roddies worked on that night, the request for volunteers was met with a stamped of hot men ready to submit to the three

Masters brought their slaves, masters came looking for slaves, slaves came looking for masters. . and the literary Master, John Preston, author of Mr Benson made a surprise appearance (no mean feat from 3000 miles away1).

The pool, which is heated despite the egendary San Francisco balmy weather, saw quite a few water treaders throughout the right.

While the turnout was very high for lattetion, it was only the first of a number of pre-opening events to take place before the official Club opening.





time that we had a club of our own. And not just the kind of place that the fun-seeking sensuals ou has been searching for. There are a lot of thing join — Union. Encounter Clubs, Glory-Hole Club—the DRISMAER KEY CLUB is none of these keep the concept of suites where OUR people of

the Dritts Mark KEY CLUB is none of these here taken the concept of a place where OUR people ca enjoy themselves: well dun, friendly, exciting an inchange and come up with a concept you can't resist lembers as in many places can cost you anywhere from few it housands of dollars and about all you get to the concept of the control of the control

the priviles of leaving five to fifteen dollars at the do for admission. People like to associate with their own king and are usually charged considerable for that right Ours is a different concept. We are expagding to leather fraterinty noting all its privileges and benefit

Leather Fraterity, including all its privileges and benefits and adding a great new Club to use. Our first will be in San Francisco, where we are Cost stays the same — \$6: which is lies than mist Disco membershed which is lies than mist Disco membershed that do you get for your sixty buckly DRUMMER SUBSCRIPTION

and the bottest magazine around. If ye subscripe, we'll edd a year to your pressure subscription. That's \$40 worth right there. Pick up yo free copy of DRUMMER at the club or we'll mail it to yo Twelve inserts in DRUMMER no less, include the club or the pressure of the

Twelve inserts in DRUMMER no less, Include MRIL BOX AND FORWARDING SERVIC No charge for forwarding your mail to your box number to the Control of the Contro

Constitution of the consti

DRUMMER KEY CLUBS / LEATHER FRATERNITY 15 Harriet Street / San Francisco, CA 94103

Is surrender. Here is my \$60. Get my membership kit, my subscription and other goodies going and make it snappy! I am 21 years of age or better. (signature)

ADDRESS
CITY, STATE, ZIP
Charge it to my
Card Number

MASTERCHARGE
Expiration date

ELEVENTH and FOLSOM, SAN FRANCISCO

THE HOTTEST COMBO SINCE FREN AND CINCER



The movie magul's theory was that SHE gave him sexappeal and HE gave her class. That combination must have worked because the two certainly danced their way into cinematic history.

On a somewhat loose interpretation of that theory, Alternate Publishing has expanded ALIERNATE magazine (a class act if ever there was one) and combined it with MALEBOX (sex-appeal personified) as the new middle section. The results on the first enlarged and combined ALTERNATE/MALEBOX are in and the

combo is a runaway success! Small wonder. Where else can you get almost a

hundred pages of the very best in gay news, entertainment, sports, art, photography, fiction and articles for under two bucks? and considering that ALTERIANTE formerly was 2.50 and MALEBOX had a 1.50 price, this makes our new Newsmagazine for Gay America a buy at any price up to four bucks and one hell of a bargain at 1.95.

Subscriptions are still \$20 a year (for 12 issues). First class mall, If you wish, is \$10.

That's about the price of a couple of tickets to see a Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire revival. You Advocate readers might want to change partners and dance.

THE NEWSMAGAZINE FOR TODAY'S GAY AMERICA!

COMBINED WITH 18 CARAGO AMERICA'S HOTTEST GAY TABLOID





At our gym you will discover muscles you never thought you had.



To develop those hidden muscles takes the right equipment.

San Francisco's newest gym, the muscle system, features the new complete Icarian Free-Weight System, the best there is. No other gym in the city has the entire line.

Of course we have instruction to guide you in your training, dietary counseling, relaxing ssuns and Jacuzzi, and we are conveniently located in the heart of your town.

Join us for work outs with results that will ameze you.

Regular rates

\$275.00 yearly

\$160,00 semi-annually

\$110.00 quarterly \$ 50.00 monthly

Open seven days a week

7:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. weekdays 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Saturday 12:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. Sunday

Conveniently located

2241 Market Street between Noe and Sanchez Streets

For more information call 863 4700



2241 Market Street San Francisco, CA 94114 415 863 4700

Wider than what? And why.

Have you ever wondered, "What's

That's e-z. All e-z wider is wider than the old single-width eigarette rolling paper.

to make your rolling e-z when you want

Middle-wide e-z wider 1% size is

And double-wide e-z wider is just

wider isn't how wide, It's how good. In every size, e-z wider is as fine a



and even burning, and sealed with a thin edge of pure, natural gum arabic If your local retailer doesn't offer e-z wider in the sizes you'd like, use this cou-Now, how do you find the right size





It's e-z when you know how.

RBA/RIZLA, 133 CENTER STREET, EL SEGUNDO, CA 90245 ☐ I certify that I am at least 18 years old. Please send me the following boxes of e-z wider cigarette rolling papers.

*	Boxes, 24 bids 1% size Boxes, 24 bids 1% size Boxes, 25 bids double wide	m	0.66
	(Calif. residents add 6% tax) Total \$		

☐ Money Order ☐ VISA/Bank Amer # Exs. ☐ Check ☐ Master Charge #__ Exp._ SIGNATURE

NAME

STREET.

STATE 7IP Internationally Proclaimed The Most Powerful Aroma Ever Produced





Dealer Inquiries Invited

Call Toll Free 800:428:4433

ment Ecologic Cost D Money Dietr D

BERLONGER COST DESCRIPTION

COST DESCRIPTION

BERLONGER COST DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION

BERLONGER COST DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTIO